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volume 7 • issue 2

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If you are a resident of the west quad—or any quad if the promoters were truly diligent—then you may recall seeing signs which posed the question, “Does your relationship suck?” Many of these posters were to be found in the community bathrooms, which I believe are the best environs for considering such a question. By the way, before I launch into a whiny diatribe, I should mention that the signs pertained to a talk delivered in the lounge of Curtis West on Thursday the fifth of March; the topic of the talk was the “art of the healthy relationship.” Sadly, I did not attend the talk and know only of the signs.

Apparently, “fun prizes” were awarded, but I did not receive anything fun as a result of my absence.

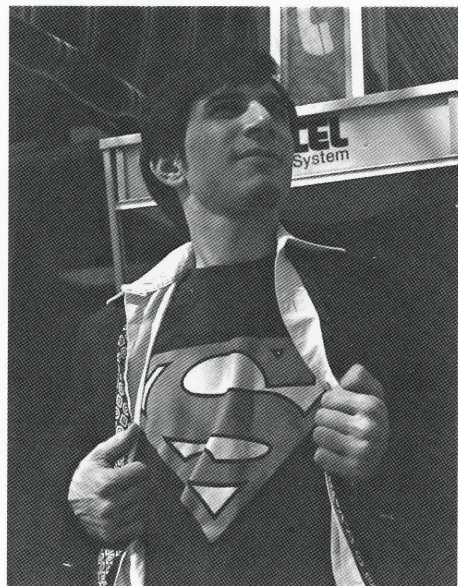
Back to a consideration of the sign and my thoughts on the “art of the healthy relationship.” The “Does your relationship suck?” question is of interest because it speaks directly to what many feel is an important part of the college experience: finding that special someone and making the union work. A generous amount of alcohol on any given night has certainly helped many a student here find that special someone, but whether or not it has helped the union work is a decidedly different matter. Nonetheless, these concerns remain prevalent among the student body, and never have I seen the situation so handily summarized as in the question, “Does your relationship suck?” The poster then asks, “Would you like to improve your relationship?” to which every reader in a sucking relationship most certainly responded in the affirmative. Now the next question is where this sign becomes troublesome for me: “Do you get stuck with those psycho boneheads, salivating at your door, when all you want is someone with a decent brain, or at least a ‘brain?’” Whereas as the previous two queries would have pertained to any person in a sucking relationship, this third ques-

tion seems to be directed at individuals of a certain persuasion. More importantly, this question seems to be placing the blame for relationship sucking on individuals of the other persuasion.

A closer examination of the language of the third question makes my point clearer. Notice the use of “psycho boneheads” in the question. “Psycho” to me conjures up images of Norman Bates, who we all know was responsible for a rather sucky relationship with his mother. “Boneheads” is easily associated with “boner”; any faithful viewer of *Growing Pains* can tell you that Kirk Cameron’s best friend bore that distinct appellation. The “decent brain, or at least a ‘brain?’” portion of the question calls to mind Frankenstein’s monster—whose brain wasn’t very decent at all—and the Scarecrow from the *Wizard of Oz*—whose brain wasn’t very present. What do all these allusions have in common? What is the purpose of this word play? Simply, the third question seems to be insinuating that the *male gender* is primarily responsible for relationship sucking. As one of that persuasion, I feel it is my duty to defend men against this stifling allegation.

Unfortunately, I may not be up to the task. I am something of an Irwin Allen of college relationships. I have had several—one rather long, a few rather short, and some very, very short—but all have ended with a burning building, a sinking ship, or enough tragedy for a Cham Bell campaign. I can say this: You won’t find a defense for men anywhere in this issue. You will find articles on the Greek system three years after the landmark Option Three decision—which serve as a sort of tribute to *MoYO*’s premier issue—diner culture, sexual confusion, Chickrock, and rock stars. You will also find an article on acupuncture, which if your relationship sucks may provide a vehicle for relief.

Paul Durica
Editor-in-Chief



Sara Almhall

As If Lipstick Was a Sign of My Declining Mind How ChickRock Happened

By Amy L. Spears

ChickRock—yes, I admit it’s an odd term, but I like it. It often evokes snide remarks and stupid questions (So, you like Mariah Carey? What do you play besides Madonna? Ugh.) but at the same time it makes me feel a little empowered. I’ve created my own genre.

So what exactly is ChickRock? Well, it’s *not* Mariah Carey. It *could* be Madonna. It probably *should* be artists like the Indigo Girls and Sarah McLachlan, but sometimes my own prejudices get in the way. It’s always Ani DiFranco, Tori Amos, Jen Trynin, P.J. Harvey, Maggie Estep, Lisa Germano or whoever else gets dubbed my obsession of the week.

ChickRock is a genre of music without any particular sound to define it. But, as I’d like to tell all the record companies who’ve proclaimed it the “Year of the Woman,” it takes more than the right anatomy to be worthy of initiation into ChickRock. First, talent is a must. So the Spice Girls need not apply.

Second, a true ChickRock artist displays a certain degree of political consciousness and a healthy dose of cynicism, but she’s got to be able to stop taking herself seriously once in a while. (Hence, Alanis Morissette isn’t included but Ani DiFranco and Dar Williams are.) The subtle irony of Cole’s “Where Have All the Cowboys Gone?” runs circles around the ranting of Meredith Brooks’ “Bitch.”

Third, a sense of individual musical style can’t be left out. There will be no pop princesses admitted to this elite group, which is why Madonna wavers in and out of our little band of minstrels as she wavers in and out of brilliant originality and sappy regurgitated pop.

With that established, you’ve got an idea of what goes on in my head when adding to my personal CD library, if nothing else. But why do I think ChickRock is a necessity? As I see it, the recent surge of female performers into the pop music mainstream (or the “alternative mainstream” if you subscribe to all the industry labels) is doing almost as much harm as good. Once Melissa Etheridge became a household name (never minding that her first two albums are her really excellent ones) it seemed as if every year after was dubbed “Rock’s Year of the Woman.” More female artists began to get record

deals and air time. Mainstream music journalism started reporting that music produced by women was on the upswing. But let’s think about it this way—the people who told us this was the trend of the future are the same people who profit when we accept that notion.

It’s just like Sweetest Day. The floral and greeting card industries told us we needed to declare our love by purchasing their products on an arbitrary day in September, so we go right ahead and do it. The record industry has told us that women are the hottest thing on the market now, so we go out and buy records while commercial radio stations play strategic blocks of female musicians all too obviously to spur on the purchasing.

So what am I getting at with this rant? To put it bluntly, it seems people are getting record deals because of their biology. Not that it hasn’t always been that way; for years, it was an all-male show. So while it’s great that talented women are finally getting an equal shot, it sometimes seems all you have to do is teach a woman a few chords and next thing you know she’s triple platinum. And she’s “secured a spot on next year’s Lilith Fair lineup,” or some other similarly

nauseating cliché.

Not to say that all of the women who’ve achieved substantial fame are completely untalented. In fact, most of them are really great; I just think there’s a big difference in the standards for quality between men and women in the music industry, so we’ve got dozens of female one hit wonders on the scene, singing sappy love songs over worn out drum machines, while the women with real messages are left to waste away on the periphery of fame.

So all of this is why ChickRock was born. And it’s why I’m so sad to leave WDUB after three years. All of this is why I feel I can defend myself when called a separatist or any other not so nasty name by those disgruntled few. It’s my own personal cause, driven by obsession and the admiration of a strong woman with a voice and a guitar. Or a piano. Or a violin. Or a dijjiridoo.

Besides Chickrock, Amy L. Spears will long be remembered for her fondness of titanium. Oh, glorious, uncorroding metal!



Adam Williams

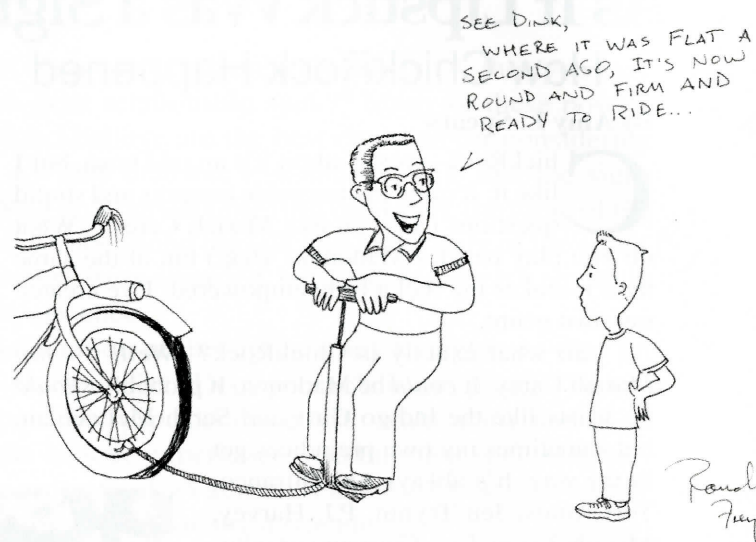
By Randall Frey

I saw my first *Playboy* when I was seven. A friend of mine who lived down the street had discovered his daddy's secret stash and had plundered the magazines for the benefit of his pals one fine Sunday afternoon. My pals and I feverishly flipped past the articles on hair loss clinics and sports cars and politics. We paused on the centerfolds. I can't really relate what it was like seeing that first centerfold. It was like I was some sort of alien just beamed down to earth, studying this strange culture. I was like one of those bounty hunters from *Critters*. And I was trying to take it all in, as if there would be a test later. None of this stuff, by that I mean woman stuff, was ever mentioned in school, or at home, on the TV shows I watched—Daisy always kept her dukes on. The stuff in the magazine was new. The stuff was hot. And I couldn't really figure out why.

Traveling a bit farther down the old memory lane makes the matter seem a little clearer. A year or two before my pals broke out the *Playboys* and we all engaged in our little street corner cultural study, I had an affair with the girl next door. When I say, "had an affair," I actually mean, "had *the* affair." The girl and I played on swing sets together. We had tea parties. I was actually allowed in her house once. And as long as the affair went on, I lived in a state of absolute denial with my pals. They were the kind of boys who spent afternoons in the woods, turning over large rocks and squashing the bugs underneath just for kicks; they would not understand afternoons spent inside Sally Ferguson's pink and yellow Candyland home. They wouldn't understand white wicker bedroom furniture. I was never really sure what was wrong with going over to her house, but I sure as hell never wanted my pals to find out.

Then came the girls I met in school. I wanted to stand close to them. Maybe if no one else was around I would ask to hold hands. Looking at *Playboy* seemed odd then because the girls in the magazine were nothing like the girls I knew. None of the bunnies had white wicker bedroom furniture. And none of the girls I knew had breast implants and the like. One of the magazine's cartoons showed a guy and a gal doing "it," whatever it was. I was even further confused by the fact that the man was coming at the woman from behind. For one reason or another, I didn't think this was how "it" was done. Even when I did learn about sex years later, this cartoon still troubled and haunted me. Little did I know, this cartoon would give me the idea for how to make sense of my pubescent follies.

Lately, I've considered writing some articles accompanied by cartoons and submitting them to magazines other than the *MoYO*. Because the material is ever-present, I've decided to go for the low, bawdy road. *Playboy*, *Hustler*, and *Penthouse* are my intended targets. I want to create a series of cartoons which deal with the anxieties I addressed above, only in a less Norman Rockwell-esque manner. The cartoons all focus on a little



unlike me he knows what is going on. Every punchline involves the boy—in early drafts called Dink—looking at something in his neighborhood and getting kind of horny. One cartoon I've finished has Dink looking at a girl eating an ice cream cone. Dink has a blank look on his face. The thought bubble above his head reads, "I've got a boner." Now that's comedy.

Another cartoon I've been working on involves a much more elaborate set up and is several panels long. The gag is that Dink's father—Dick, Dick Johnson, or maybe Mr. Pecker—is showing Dink how to fix a deflated bicycle tire. Dink's dad pumps it up, commenting on how round and firm it is. To make a long gag short—this takes about six more panels—Dink quips that the woman down the street might want the pump because she has no breasts. Ha! Ha! Christ!

Anytime I read over the dumb sex comics currently in magazines, I say to myself, "I can do this. I can do *better* than this." I go back to working on Dink. I really want to write a joke which simplifies the whole male experience—including health concerns, politics, stereo performance, car racing, boats, and thoughtful erotic gift ideas—and which involves the punchline, "I got a boner." I have yet to write the joke. Maybe if I remove the part about car racing and replace it with something on hair loss, the gag will work. I don't know. I haven't given up yet and am sure that young people out there are relying on me for that first dose of sexual information. Who am I to turn away from that responsibility?

Randall Frey's cartoons are on display at the Bandersnatch and, most recently, the Lion's Den in Heath, Ohio. Viewers of the latter works are reminded to bring along some form of ID.



Grease Me Up

One woman's descent into the depths of Pittsburgh diner culture

By Nina Clements

There are two types of people in this world: those who like diners (and by default, grease), and those who don't. I belong to the former category. Another interesting fact about diners and grease is that you never can tell exactly who belongs to which category, which in my opinion makes diners and grease all the more fascinating. People who enjoy diners are not simply grungy, sketchy, over-forty truck drivers named Dwight, or teenagers trying to sober up. I, and many other people, enjoy diners and diner culture for a multitude of reasons besides the grease on the food, and on the plates, and the tables, and the napkins (this is making my mouth water). I still question what exactly it is that diners offer me and all kinds of people from different classes, backgrounds, genders, and ethnicities. Is it merely the grease?

Hmmmm. Grease. The stuff heart attacks are made of. The stuff that forms the perfect glaze atop a slice of cheese or over a hot burger, or the bubbly perfection of a grilled cheese sandwich. In case you haven't noticed, grease and cheese are interrelated in my world of diners. Food here at Denison never quite satisfies my grease-filled cravings. The food is often unintentionally greasy, like the veggie chicken sandwich, but it's not the same. This dissatisfaction has led me to the conclusion that it is not only the grease, but also the atmosphere that accompanies it, which I crave. I miss going to truck stops and diners on a regular basis; I haven't found any in Ohio thus far which compete with Pittsburgh's diner culture (subculture?).

When I actually thought about it, I realized that I've been going to diners, coffee shops and truck stops since I was five or six. My Pap (a great, big, retired steel-mill foreman) used to take my sisters and me to a small coffee shop in the old mill town where he lived. It was there that I had the first reuben sandwich, the first whiff of over-strong coffee that was to stay with me for a life time and shape my post-adolescent food-consuming experiences.

As a kind of rite of passage, I have moved on from the small-town coffee shops of my kindergarten/elementary school years. When I hit puberty, my father thought I was ready for the big town experience: Primanti Brothers. Primanti Brothers is a Pittsburgh diner (with swivel stools and stainless steel countertops, yay!) and a Pittsburgh tradition. People from all over the country, including Hillary Clinton (even she has taste), have sampled its famous sandwiches. I can still taste them:

(Continued on page 27)



Adam Williams

Under the Needle's Point

The healing power of acupuncture

By Robert Levine

"I have a plan for you," Dr. Terry Smith said excitedly. "There are little wells of energy at your fingertips. We're going to access the *yang* points on the meridians of your large intestine. The meridian runs up your arms through the shoulders, and out at the top of your head. That's where the energy will be released."

Brandishing a fine needle tightly by its coiled wire base, he leaned the tip of the needle right up against the skin. After a brief preparatory warning, he inserted the needle quickly—its tip piercing the skin several mm deep—directly above the cuticle of Mark's index finger. The needle stuck in place.

"Feels like a bee-sting" he added. "Now, I'm going to turn the needle, and call the *qi* to the point." Leaving the needle inserted, he carefully turned it clockwise; suddenly, like a screwdriver tightened to its limit, the needle wouldn't turn anymore.

"You see that," he said. "That's the *qi* grabbing on to the needle. *Qi* is the health energy of the body."

The Wedgewood Surgery Center, located in Powell, OH, performs normal medical practices, with the exception of one day out of the week. On that day, Dr. Smith, normally an anesthesiologist, practices acupuncture treatment, the ancient Chinese medical technique that uses needles to stimulate healing points within the body. Radical Chinese medical treat-

ment in central Ohio! What's this guy thinking, one might ask. The prospects of success seem as likely as a Luce daytime Emmy. However, Dr. Smith has history in his corner.

Acupuncture is a bit of an anomaly. From a Western perspective, it is a wildly unique medical system of maintenance and healing, with roots stretching back several millennia. We would consider it "alternative medicine," but if seniority has any weight in the scheme of things, acupuncture should certainly be considered the constant. Comparing conventional medicine in our country today to what our ancestors did five thousand years ago would be an attempt to veer across an enormous gorge of perpetual change and development. The difference is unfathomable. Acupuncture, on the other hand, maintains the same fundamental scientific beliefs and techniques today that its originators did when it was first discovered in 2696 B.C. under the reign of Huang Di, the third emperor of China. Personally, I find it relieving that the spirit of Huang Di might be born again today in the body of some Newark native and still be able to get his gimp knee treated traditionally.

Acupuncture has only recently made sporadic interjections into European and Western modes of medicine. It was first introduced in Europe by the French Jesuits, namely the priest PP Harveill, in the 17th

century. The technique experienced a sort of renaissance in the 1820s as the Dutch and the Germans accompanied the French in teaching acupuncture in hospitals. The first physician and surgeon organization dedicated to instructing acupuncture in the United States was not formed until 1973. There are now over 3,000,000 acupuncturists practicing worldwide, so accessing a knowledgeable expert like Dr. Smith is not exactly like finding a needle in a haystack.

I was able to find Dr. Smith through one of his patients. Denison University junior Mark Coleman has had trouble with his right shoulder for five years now. Last month, he visited the Wedgewood Center for his second acupuncture treatment from Dr. Smith. I went along to observe and absorb.

Upon entering the main room of the building, the scent of burning herbs was very discernible. The whole place smelled like pot.

Mark described Dr. Smith as "a combination between a physician and a hippie." Indeed, upon his entering the examination room, the reformed Willie Nelson resemblance was undeniable. Dr. Smith is a short, stocky man, with tiny silver wire-rim glasses and slicked-back gray hair that looked as if it had been cropped to his shoulders from a much longer length. He is very excitable and accommodating, and has no qualms about speaking passionately in spiritual and abstract terms that seem incongruous within the context of a suburban Ohio surgery center.

Dr. Smith and Mark talked quickly about his shoulder and how he felt since his last treatment. Dr. Smith is very loquacious when it comes to describing what exactly he hopes to do with Mark. Mark said the same thing of the other acupuncturist he had spoken to about his shoulder. Both seemed to really want to educate people about acupuncture, to promote it as a standard for treat-

ment, not simply as an alternative technique with which to experiment sporadically.

Dr. Smith explained that the human body is a conduit for energy. Acupuncture entails stimulating pressure points on channels called meridians. Meridians run up and down the body in orderly, discernible patterns and govern the movement of the body's healing energy, called *qi*.

Disease and ailment occur when our bodies are out of balance, when the flow of *qi* is obstructed. Stagnant *qi* can lead to anything, from muscle soreness to cancerous tumors. Acupuncture attempts to clear the body's energy channels, much like Drano would a clogged pipe. Traditional practice of the system has been used to remedy almost any ailment that can occur in the human body.

The general Western mindset envisions medicine in direct, linear, cause-and-effect terms. If someone

has heart problems, then the doctor attends to the heart. The idea of stimulating a point in the index finger of the hand to relieve pain and soreness in the shoulder might seem implausible to us. But the practice of acupuncture does not picture symptoms in isolation. Acupuncture is indicative of the holistic way of thinking that pervades Chinese scientific thinking. It draws connections between all parts of the body, realizing the human anatomy as an intricate network of healing.

After Dr. Smith's introduction, Mark got undressed and put on a hospital gown. A nurse came in to take his pulse and measure his blood pressure. She also put a CD into a portable stereo on the dresser next to Mark's bed. "This is some new-age Asian music," she said. The title of the CD was *SILA*, the artist Chris Theriault. It sounded like elevator music; light, overly synthesized, played over "natural" sound effects like birds chirping and water rippling. It was the kind of CD you would buy at a store called Earthly Designs, along with a stuffed Koala bear puppet and a bumper sticker that read "Save the Manatee."

"It's all about setting the mood," the nurse explained.

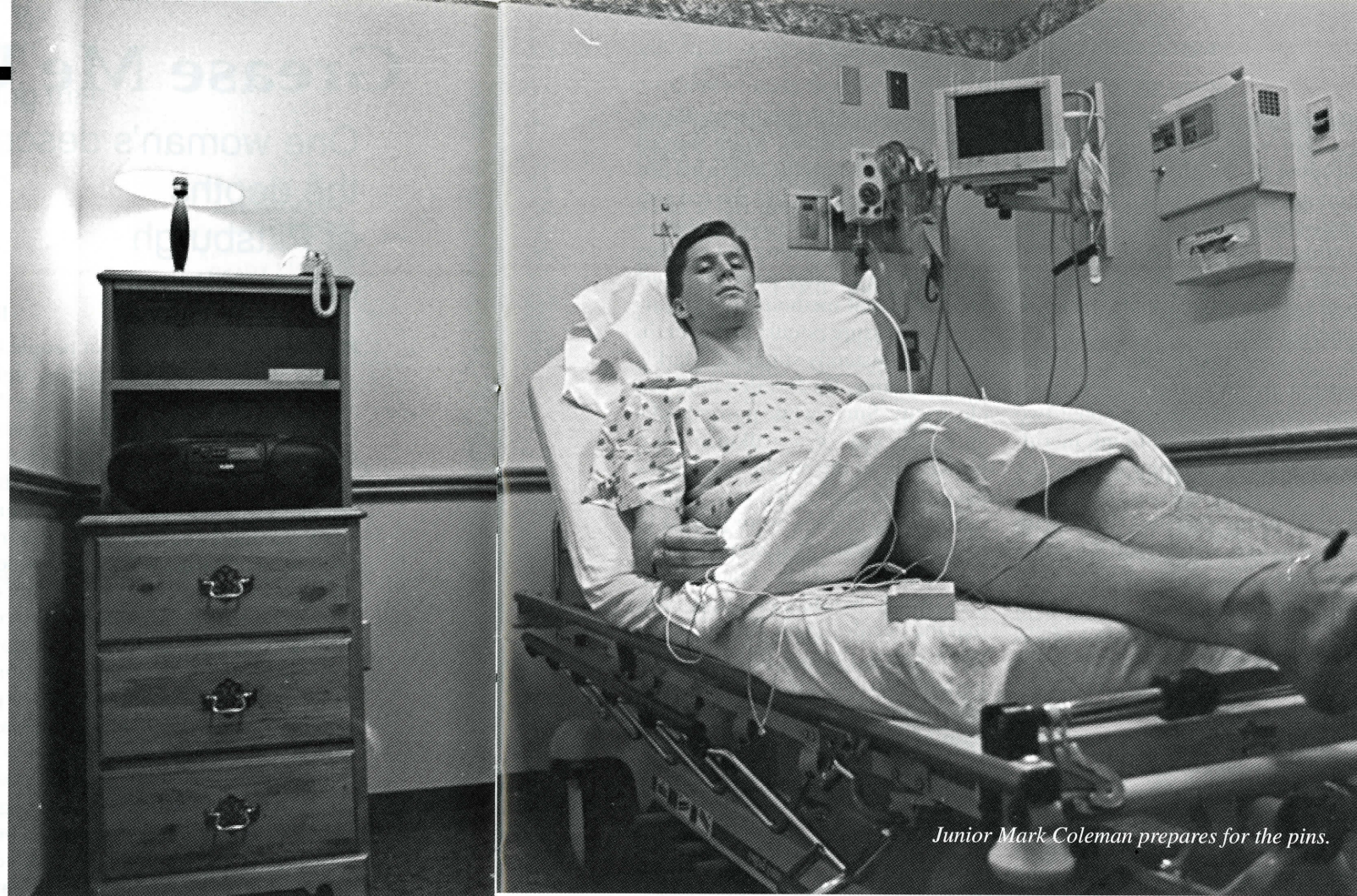
During the wait for Dr. Smith, three of the nurses would pop in intermittently, offering Mark blankets or bed adjustments. One came in carrying a small box of liquor to show us. She announced it as tokays liquor. The box was a deep rouge, with gold borders and lettering. The printing on the side read "Shebiangejiejiu."

"Look at the ingredients," she said with a knowing smile.

I read them aloud to Mark. The bottle contained a tonic derived from the testes and penes of snakes and dogs and the testes of cocks, deer, and sparrows, combined with dozens of Chinese traditional drugs, all immersed in a sweet liquor.

Mark laughed. I read on.

The box read, "For invigorating the kidney-young and replenishing vital essence and blood. For



Junior Mark Coleman prepares for the pins.

Mark Coleman

When Dr. Smith inserted the needle at the base of the hairline to act as the meridian release point, Mark said it felt like someone had jabbed a syringe, *Pulp Fiction*-style, right into his forehead.

regulating the function of the viscera and improving your health. Often drinking it can whet your appetite. The liquor makes you have ease of mind and go to easy sleep. It further makes you healthy and strong, full of vitality, and makes your sexual life perfectly satisfactory." Wow, I thought. Can Gatorade claim the same?

"It belongs to Dr. Smith," the nurse explained. "He's going to let each of us take a little bit home tonight to try."

Dr. Smith returned after several minutes. Mark asked him about the smell in the main corridor. He explained that the patient next door to Mark was receiving an acupuncture treatment that required herbs to be burned on the tips of the needles. The herb was actually Mugwort. "Yeah, I know," said Dr. Smith. "It's almost like someone's smoking a bone around here."

He noticed the box of liquor and commented on it. He told us he had received it as a gift from a friend in China. Dr. Smith explained that the tonic was used to intensify the *yang*. When asked what the *yang* was, he explained that in Nature there exists the *yin* and the *yang*, two opposite forces that make up the essence of life. *Yang* is the son, the aggressive force, the fire. *Yin* is the shadow of the body, the womb, the mother. *Yang* is strong and extrusive. *Yin* is weak, shy and internal. The tokays liquor is meant to be used in conjunction with acupuncture treatment to intensify and enhance the level of the *yang*.

"It truly vitalizes the spirit," Dr. Smith said. "It offers a profound

sense of relief."

He went on to tell an amusing anecdote of the first time he tried drinking the liquor. He drank only a small portion, and shortly after ingesting it, passed out for several hours. Upon awakening, his pain from a recent broken ankle was completely gone.

It was time to start. A nurse brought in "the dummy," which is a small plastic naked man about two feet tall, with blue and pink meridian pathways mapped out on his body like veins. Pressure points are marked along the meridians with both English letters and Oriental characters. The points seemed most abundant in the hands, feet, head, and lower abdomen. They were more dispersed on the legs and arms. As the nurse handed Dr. Smith the doll, he laughed; she had placed a post-it note over the dummy's exposed lily white member.

Dr. Smith showed Mark the specific meridian he would be stimulating on the dummy. It corresponded with the large intestine, and ran up the right arm from the hand, over the shoulder, and up to the head.

Mark laid back flat on the bed. Dr. Smith instructed him to relax all his muscles. The nurse entered with the first batch of needles. They had purple bases and were of a very fine variety. Dr. Smith began inserting the needles into the fingers on Mark's right hand, directly above the nail.

He then moved up to the right shoulder. He massaged Mark's shoulder, locating the tender areas. Then, using a small instrument called a skin resistor, he began pinpointing the exact location of the pressure points, points that were fraught with the tension in Mark's muscles. He held the skin resistor like a pencil, and traced its metal tip over the skin of the shoulder. It emitted a loud whine whenever it passed over a tight point. Dr. Smith inserted five needles into Mark's shoulder, one above the bicep, one at the cap of the shoulder, one near his back, one at the base of his neck, and one above his right pectoral muscle. Dr.

Smith twisted each needle clockwise until the *qi* engaged. Mark moved slightly, and the needle above his pec swung in a wild arc, like the red arm on a stereo frequency modulator.

In China, twisting the needles and burning the tips with Mugwort are traditional methods for activating the pressure points; however, in order to constantly stimulate Mark's energy points, Dr. Smith would use electricity. Small white power packs about the size of a walkman were hooked up to the needles with connectors that resembled tiny jumper cables. The clamps were placed in pairs on needles that were next to each other in order to create poles.

Mark would comment later that the needles in his fingers stung upon entry, though the pain was nothing terrible. He said he barely felt the needles in his shoulder, and didn't feel the needle on the back of his neck enter at all. However, when Dr. Smith inserted the needle at the base of his hairline to act as the meridian release point, Mark said it felt like someone had jabbed a syringe, *Pulp Fiction*-style, right into his forehead.

In addition to the needles addressing Mark's shoulder, Dr. Smith inserted needles into his feet, knees, and arms. When asked why he was stimulating points near the feet, Dr. Smith explained that the needles in the feet were meant to hit the *Shao-Yang* meridian, the body's meridian of motion. He returned to the concept of the *yin* and *yang*. According to Dr. Smith, the body is a conduit between heaven and earth, with the feet acting as our connection to the latter. Yin energy travels up from the earth through our body, while the yang travels downward. Mark's shoulder trouble could be attributed to a blockage of this reciprocal current. By placing corresponding needles in opposite directions on his feet and legs, Dr. Smith intends to accelerate the yin-yang (lateral?) flow. He inserted two needles into each foot, one between the big toe and the index toe, and one above the pinky. He also placed one needle at

knee level on the inside of both of Mark's legs.

While inserting needles into Mark's left arm, Dr. Smith asked, "Did you notice I'm not wearing any gloves?"

"Sure," I said, not having noticed at all.

Dr. Smith explained that gloves were somewhat gratuitous when applying needles. The needles themselves are sterilized, plus, upon penetration of the skin by the needle, the body's defensive energy, *wai qi*, immediately locates and neutralizes any pathogens that might gotten in.

"Is this Yanni?" he asked of the music.

He placed two more needles into Mark's left forearm, one on the top, and one on the underside. The needles stuck out at 45 degree angles, aimed in opposite directions.

The needles were in place. The nurse began increasing the electric currents. The vibrating flow of electricity should be felt as a buzz between his hands and knees, but it should not be uncomfortable. Mark was instructed to tell the nurse when. The currents would be increased incrementally throughout the half-hour.

She pushed the current on his right foot a little too far. Mark said, "Ow!" and his big toe lurched violently inward.

"Did you see it pull my toe over?" Mark asked. "I had no control over that."

After they concurred on suitable levels of stimulation, the lights were dimmed, and Mark laid back to try and sleep. I decided to stay a minute and watch the treatment at work. Throughout the time I was there, nothing drastic occurred. Mark dozed in and out of deep sleep. The music switched into some kind of tribal beat. Occasionally, one of his arms or legs would twitch, but none did regularly. It looked like dream tremors. I started watching one of the needles on Mark's right foot. It was dancing more than the others, bopping in a quick rhythm. Pretty soon, I was tapping my foot along

with the needle, and we were both in sync with the music. Just me, Chris Theriault, and Mark Coleman's *qi*, snapping to the beat. I thought to myself, this is too funny.

After a few minutes, I stepped out to ask the nurses a couple questions. They made their rounds periodically, checking on the patients, then stopped to sit and talk about the acupuncture. None of them had had any prior experience with this type of treatment. Dr. Smith had moved into Wedgewood only a few weeks ago, and they were all learning right along with the patients. They were very willing to relay what Dr. Smith had taught them, as well as to offer their take on the subject. One mentioned how she was going to try the treatment herself. It was obvious this was the most exciting part of their week.

They showed me a bag of mugwort. It was a light olive green substance with a foam-like texture. You could roll it into tiny, neat balls with your finger, which I'm sure is why it works so well with the acupuncture needles. One of the nurses, named Angel, explained that the mugwort is used for what is called the "five element" treatment, referring to the five fundamental elements—wood, water, fire, metal, and earth—at the basis of Chinese scientific thinking. Using a lubricant jelly, the doctor places a ball of mugwort directly on the patient's skin, wherever the point that corresponds with her ailment is located. The doctor lights the mugwort on fire. Once the patient feels the burn, Dr. Smith removes the herb. Five balls of mugwort are burned around one point. Once the five balls are removed, the doctor inserts a needle into the central spot, twists, and pulls it out quickly. Any negative energy that had been collecting at the pressure point is instantly removed.

Angel told me that the two patients in the rooms next door to Mark each had up to thirty needles in their back. Dr. Smith was attempting to locate their controlling organ, the organ that's causing them the most

trouble. The skin around the needle turns red wherever this organ is located.

I sat and perused some acupuncture literature until Mark's time was up. After about forty minutes, Dr. Smith woke Mark and began removing his needles. He would pull them out very quickly, straight back from the body, and immediately place them in a trash receptacle. All the wires were disconnected and removed. Mark sat up in bed. His joints cracked loudly.

Dr. Smith asked Mark how he felt.

"Tired," he replied. "A little stiff in my calf muscles, where the energy was running. I feel really relaxed."

"It feels like the sensation you get when one part of your body falls asleep. Except there's a pulse. There's a throbbing feeling in my fingers."

Mark sat on the side of the bed. He looked utterly bewildered.

"I feel like I've woken up from a really delicious nap."

Dr. Smith explained: "You're experiencing a release of endorphins. Endorphins are morphines, the opiates of the body. They should give you great sleep, great relaxation."

Mark proceeded to get dressed.

Pretty soon I was tapping my foot along with the needle, and we were both in sync with the music. Just me, Chris Theriault, and Mark Coleman's *qi*, snapping to the beat.

Dr. Smith returned with a small package. Inside were "seeds," miniscule spheres coated in 14 karat gold. Seeds were used with a subsection of acupuncture called auriculotherapy, which is defined as a therapeutic intervention in which

(Continued on page 26)

The Glory that was is Greek Denison three years after the Decision



Philanthropy remains a staple of fraternity life

Some might say that the Greek system created *MoYO*. Our first issue, published in October 1991, consisted entirely of discussions on all things Greek. Since then, the system and the magazine have gone their separate ways. We played around with theme issues for a year or two—one dedicated to college sex, another to hate crimes—and then developed the broad, always-on-the-fringe format with which most of our current readers are familiar. When the fraternities lost the right to reside in their houses in 1995, *Mind of Your Own* was silent on the issue.

As for the Greeks, they remain as popular, unpopular, important, and controversial as ever. Still coming to grips with losing their houses, the Greek system is nevertheless a source of pride for a significant segment of the student body, while remaining a symbol of shame to others. Even with fraternity men actively integrated into campus living and dining space, the Greek-independent divide endures. And, as always, there are many students who are just plain apathetic. *MoYO* has decided not to be.

With this being the final year in which current students witnessed firsthand the events in 1995 which have shaped the past three years, *MoYO* returns to its dialogue on the Greek system. We want to look at the system as it is now in comparison to what it was when the trustees made their decision. We want to focus on the questions and concerns raised by the student body in '95 and see how they have played out. Changes in the academic, social, and residential life are at the center of this consideration. And we have culled a variety of voices—Greeks and independents; first years and seniors; students and administrators—to address these issues. We may not have every voice represented because of space and time limitation. If any perspectives are missing, especially the reader's, then don't hesitate to respond. After all, you do have a mind of your own.

Smokin' Joe Lights Up

Former IFC headman reflects on changes in Greek life

Interview By Jean Lamont

In 1995, during the turbulent days of Option Three, Smokin' Joe Raiser's column was a staple in the Denisonian. In 1998, Raiser a member of Delta Upsilon and former IFC president stokes the flames of free expression once more in the pages of MoYO and addresses the past three years of change, with the assistance of our most sultry, voluptuous vegan correspondent. Raise high the stogies, it's Raiser time!

When asked if Michele Myers was justified in making such a decision, Raiser answered, "I'm sure she can justify her decision," but mentioned that he himself could not. Raiser feels that the administration acted unfairly in making the decision." The administration...took it upon themselves to decide for the fraternities how we should be and how we should act." He suggested that the logical way to conduct any kind of decision process would have been for the administration to have sat down and to have talked to the IFC, and essentially to have worked together to arrive at an agreement upon how the fraternities should conduct themselves. However, Raiser stated that the trustees, the president, etc. did not work with the fraternities to achieve any of these goals. It appears that the administration proceeded at its own will, and eventually ended up evicting the men from their houses. Raiser agreed that much has come of this decision, and that, although the administration had planned otherwise, the changes have not always been for the better.

One might rightfully speculate that one of the goals of the decision was to improve the grade point averages of the fraternities as a whole. When asked if he saw a change in academics, Raiser did not feel that anything drastic had happened since the fraternities were moved out. "As far as grade point average, I'd say that, no, it hasn't really changed." Raiser added that he felt that, on the whole, GPA depended on the individual, regardless of whether that person was Greek affiliated or not.

A significant effect of the decision that Raiser detected is a dramatic change in the social activity of the University. Before the decision, Raiser noted, Fraternity Row was "the premiere social scene" for many people, Greek as well as independent. "Everyone came. Every weekend, people would flock to the Row and

bounce from house to house." Raiser remarked that, now, no truly consistent, prominent social venue has emerged with which the campus gets involved. Since the houses were taken away, there is no solid assurance for students as to whether wherever they're going to hang out on the weekends will be guaranteed fun. This causes the on-campus events sponsored by groups such as SAC to be sparsely attended, and the off-campus events to

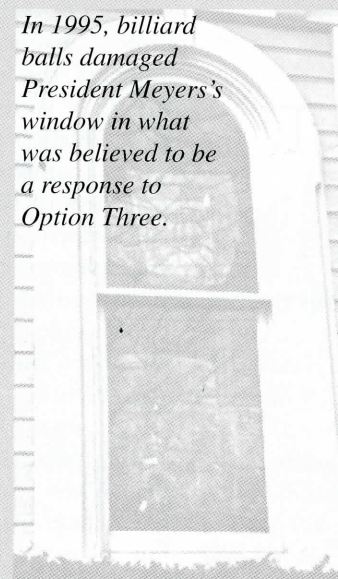
increase in number. Raiser did admit, however, that SAC is doing a good job in bringing diverse social events to the campus, but he added that it hasn't been able to generate the same social energy that fraternity Row did. "They haven't been able to do what the Greeks did," said Raiser.

A major difference from the past to present that he'd noted was the change in the individuality among the fraternities. Raiser said that it is easy to connect a fraternity with its house, thus giving each fraternity its own identity. "It seems silly to say," said Raiser, "that a house, a physical structure, could create an identity. But it did. Maybe a fraternity can make a name for itself from what they do, but the houses definitely helped." Now that they are not in their houses, and essentially spread around

campus, it is harder for people to recognize each fraternity. Although Raiser does not think that the togetherness of the individual fraternities is threatened, he did express concern for the unity of the entire fraternity side of the Greek System. He mentioned that the Row helped to encourage brotherhood among the fraternities themselves. Hence, due to the separation of the fraternities from each other, Raiser was not optimistic about the prognosis of interfraternity bonds. In addition to these identity problems, the eviction caused complications as to the places where fraternities could meet for functions, chapter, etc. When asked about the originally purported lodges to replace the fraternity houses so that meeting places would be available, Raiser commented, "Lodges were supposed to be built so that each fraternity would have a place to meet. But nothing really ever came of it."

Interviewer Jean Lamont likes to date wrestlers who are on time.

In 1995, billiard balls damaged President Meyers's window in what was believed to be a response to Option Three.



Dan Fiden

Ode on a Second Grecian Turn

An interview with President Michele T. Myers

Interview By Paul Durica

In 1991 then Editor-in-Chief John Boyden conducted an interview with Michele Tolela Myers which became a highlight of MoYO's first issue. On November 5, 1997, Denison's eight president announced her resignation and her plan to assume the presidency of Sarah Lawrence College in the fall of 1998. Before she left, MoYO wanted to speak with her once more and to discuss the Option Three decision which will forever be associated with her presidency. With courtesy and good cheer, she readily obliged. Like my predecessor Boyden, I was able to ask many an interesting question but failed to learn the appeal of Jerry Lewis to the French.

MoYO: In the first *MoYO* interview in 1991, you stated, "I am not out to dismantle the Greek system; I want to strengthen it—I want to make it stronger and better." Now, three years after the fraternities have been made non-residential, do you feel you've made the Greek system "stronger and better" than it was when you first arrived at Denison?

Michele Tolela Myers: I absolutely believe that. There's no question in my mind. It's not completely where it ought to be, but it's moving in the right direction. I think the decision to make the system non-residential has helped to diminish the most egregious excesses of the system and began to take away the more divisive nature of the system on the campus. I think that after three years we are beginning to see that the campus is com-

ing together a little more than it was before. In that sense I think it has been good for the campus, and it's been good for the Greek system to understand finally that they have to look inside to find out what was creating the problems and to begin to bring different sorts of young people into the system, who are able to give it better leadership. I think they have done that to some extent.

MoYO: Would you care to elaborate on what the "egregious excesses of the system" were that necessitated the decision?

MTM: Traditionally, I was told that the Greek system—particularly on the men's side but probably on the women's side as well—was able to attract students who were campus leaders and that the majority of people who were influential on the campus belonged to the Greek system—the athletes, the campus government students, the leaders of organizations of all sort—and that they were also pretty good students. I'm talking about thirty or forty years ago. It wasn't my experience when I came to this campus almost ten years ago. The members of the Greek system on the whole were not particularly prominent among the leaders of the campus, nor were they certainly prominent among the very good students on the dean's list. There were obviously exceptions; there were some terrific students who were members. But if you looked at the aggregate, they were weaker. In fact, the grades reflected that. The Greek men as a group were always performing less than almost any other group you could conceivably consider on the campus. When you begin to draw into an organization only the weaker members of the larger society, then you begin to create small groups in that society that are less productive and that are going to contribute less. Except contribute problems. I think that's what we saw. So it was a matter of getting the Greek organizations to take seriously the challenge of recruiting better students. They were more and more able to do so because we were also getting better and better students onto the campus, but for awhile the better students were not interested in getting into the system. They would get into the Honors program; they were not interested in joining the Greeks. When we look at the kind of awards we give for outstanding leadership or outstanding academic performance, we find sorority women in those groups but mostly independent men, not Greeks. I think this is going to change. To me that's a sign of health for the system. You want the community as a whole to be strong, and the groups which make it up to be strong too.

MoYO: The fraternities seem to have responded to the recruiting challenge you mentioned. The Denison University 1997-98 Rush Book states, "Greeks consistently maintain a higher grade point average than the all-campus average." Despite this being a slightly skewed sta-

tistic [see figure p.21—ed.], seemingly dependent on the semester you are considering, signs of academic improvement within the Greek system and the campus as a whole exist. How do you account for these improvements? Was Option Three influential in these improvements? If so, to what extent? What about the growth of the Honors program?

MTM: All of that is related. I think the decision to make fraternities non-residential sent a very strong message outside that we were going to recruit students who were slightly different than the students we recruited before. We've been saying that message since I came here. It was when we took some concrete action that everyone learned we meant business. Really from that point on—although we had made improvements in the quality of students we attracted because we had put a lot of scholarship money on the table for good students—the decision became a catalyst for getting the word out to counselors in high schools and in places who wouldn't send us their good students. They thought this place was far too social and not academic. That decision held them to attention, and we began to get many more good students from schools who formerly would not send us good students. All of a sudden our pool has changed, and we are able to be more selective. We don't have to take everyone anymore, and that has made a big difference. We are now getting a critical mass which is larger and larger every year of very talented students, which means these are the students who are going to be the members of all the organizations we have. They are coming in better to begin with. We really have done away with that bottom of the pool which absolutely populated the fraternities. We don't have them on the campus anymore. We have a rating system in admissions, and little by little each year we are taking one rung out. The bottom rung doesn't get in anymore, and then the next bottom rung and the next bottom rung. Each year we have eliminated the weakest people. We were not in the position to do that before, because people were not sending us enough applications of good students, so we could not have the numbers and the quality we wanted. Now we can, and that is important. I don't think it's unrelated to the Greek situation. One thing alone explains why the improve-

ments exist—there are better students who are now members of Greek organizations, and, therefore, they do better. The Honors program has also grown, and with it—since there are so many students who are members of the Honors program—the realization that these Honors kids are not different from anyone else. They are not nerds. You find them on the sports fields. You find them in Greek organizations now. You find them everywhere. The distinction between Honors students and non-Honors students is less because we have more people who are better. All of that combines to make the academic performance of all students better. We have had less attrition for academic reasons in the last two years which is a good sign. It's all related.

MoYO: Do you think the decision to have the fraternities and sororities rush in the spring accounts for some of the average GPA increases?

MTM: I think it's better. It helps freshman at least. The fall semester is used to get them acclimated to the campus and to the academic demands. Now performance of freshman, particularly men more than women, falls down when they rush in the spring, but not quite as much as it used

to. It used to shift even more. The shift is still there. But it is not as dramatic, which is hopeful.

MoYO: Extending the academic issue just a little bit further, do you see more academic and service-oriented fraternities like Sigma Epsilon as the way of the future for the at Denison?

MTM: I think Sigma Ep is the way of the future. There's no doubt in my mind. The purely social business, if it is going to lead to the kind of excesses it once led to and the dangerous behavior—because there are people who die every year, either from hazing and rushing, abuse, alcohol, and accidents as a result of abuse of alcohol. I mean people don't kill each other deliberately, but people die out of accidents because there was nobody paying attention. It's just truly dangerous. The risk of just a purely social emphasis I don't think anyone wants that anymore. The young people may want it, but



President Michele T. Myers

Phil Samuel

the nationals don't want it—they're afraid of all the liability issues. The colleges don't want it because it is dangerous and because it also sets up dynamics which are very unhealthy on the campus. I don't think that's going to be it. Fraternities and sororities are going to need to redefine what they are in business for, what they are created to do. I think that academics is important. I think service is important. People are paying a lot of money to attend colleges like Denison, where a lot of attention is paid to the individual. This is not mass education; it's custom-made, tailor-made. Small classes. Lots of contacts. Residential options. When people choose to come to a place like this and pay all this money—even if they get financial aid, someone is paying that cost—I think you want something positive to come out of this experience, and groups that are going to enable students to do positive things with each other are likely to survive more than groups that just end up not being very productive. There may be a small percentage of students who just want to drink, who just want to get wasted, but it's not a huge percentage, the truth be known. There are far many more who want to have a good time—and that's OK—but they want to do other things, and groups that can give an answer to one of these other things will be more likely to thrive.

MoYO: Back to Option Three. What role did you play in its adoption in 1995? From what I can gather, the decision was largely made by the trustees, yet many students perceive you as having played a decisive role. How responsible do you feel for the decision to make the fraternities non-residential?

MTM: The decision was made on both sides. The trustees obviously made the final decision. It is a policy decision; all policy decisions are in the hands of the trustees. I'm a member of the board, so in that sense I participated in the decision process as well. I think my leadership in this respect was that I brought issues to the attention of the board and recommendations on how the issues should be dealt with. The board then discussed all this and figured out ways and strategies to determine whether we would do what I recommended or not. Ultimately, the impetus for making the change came from me. The decision came from them.

I think my sense of accomplishment comes from believing that I'm leaving the place in better shape than I found it—more focused and with a sense of being really focused on improving the academic program and the academic quality of the institution, that is really what I've worked on all along. Everything I've done, at least in my view, has been to build little pieces that all came to that central focus that we had to improve academic quality and academic reputation.

MoYO: Would you care to clarify the housing situation in the North Quad as in now stands? How will problems over there be resolved? Three of the houses are still owned by fraternities, right?

MTM: Right. There are three that are still owned by the fraternities. Two of the three are being leased to us for a medium term—I wouldn't even say a long term—and then one is not. They haven't done anything. Sigma Chi has neither sold nor leased, nor will do anything. They are going to keep it. Kappa Sig and Theta have leased, but they still own. All the others we own. From my perspective, I think the University would be better served if we owned them all or if we had really long term leases with the three others who don't want to sell. On the other hand, if one of them or two of them decide to go it alone and can do it, I don't see any problem. They won't be able to use them to house their members. I mean that's not an issue anymore.

Sigma Chi wants to use it as a chapter house for the members of Sigma Chi to meet and to have their regular meetings. They won't be able to use it for parties. They won't be able to be used for sleeping in there. There is some doubt in my mind about the viability of such a big house which costs so much money just for meeting a week. That's a lot of money to invest to provide the chapter with a place to meet. The other fraternities are meeting in their houses—I mean, when they sold to us or leased to us, a space in the basement remained theirs.

They're leasing it from us for little cost, basically no cost, and it's far more from a business point of view a better operation for them. Sigma Chi is choosing not to do that. They are choosing to absorb all the cost—the renovation of the building, the operation of the building—only to make it a chapter house. That's their business if they want to do it.

MoYO: In 1995, there was talk of building lodges for the fraternities to hold meetings in. Whatever became of the lodge plan?

MTM: We proposed it. We made land available to the fraternities. In fact, those who sold to us got enough money to build a lodge. It turns out once each of them began to investigate the cost of the lodge and what they

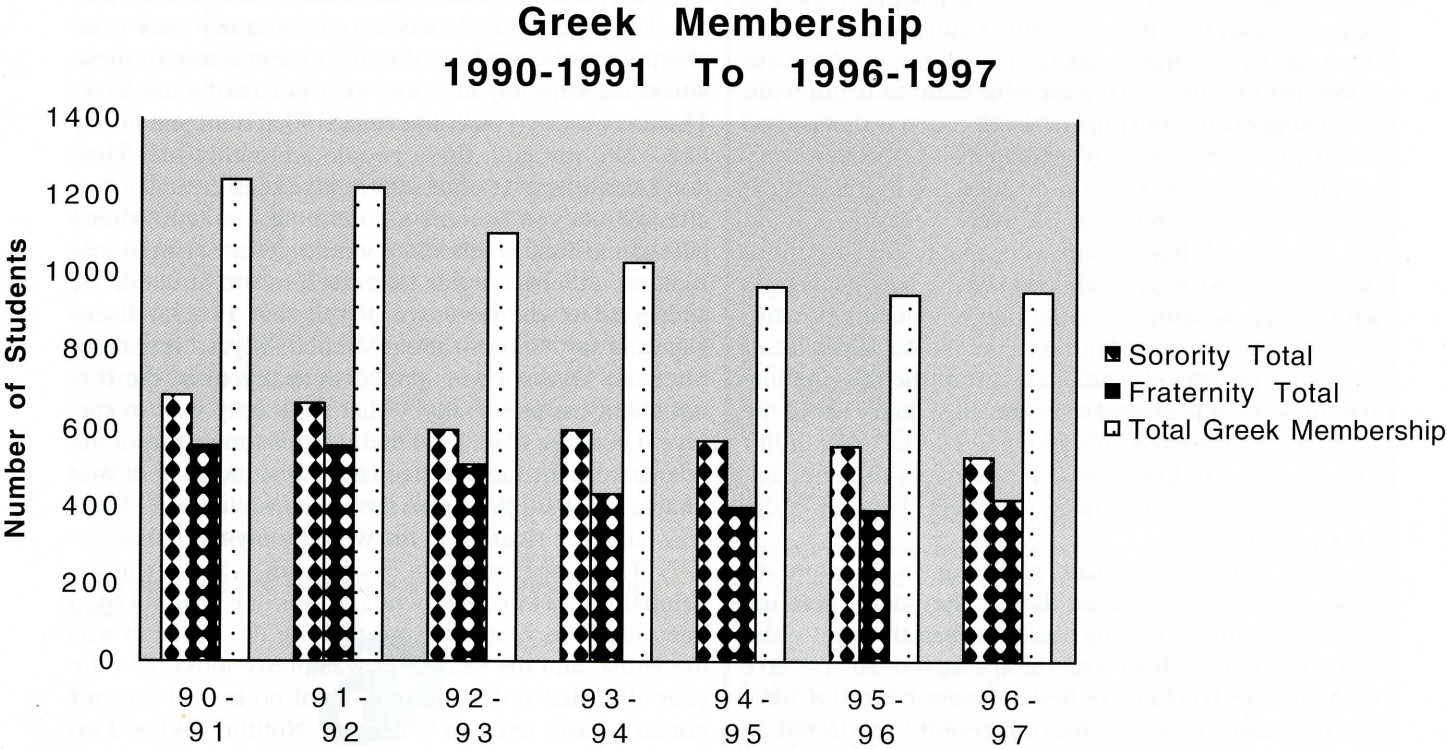
would use the lodge for, all of them decided it wasn't worth it. So the decision not to do it was entirely theirs. We had actually picked the site and had done the work so that they could get those lots and build the lodge on the lot. They chose not to do so. In a way I'm glad because I think that having a space in their old house is probably sufficient for the amount of use they're going to get out of it. Students would have loved lodges if they could have held parties, but everyone—alumni, the board, and the administration—was very clear that we did not want Greek organizations to host parties on campus, unless they would do it on facilities we operated, so that they could be supervised.

MoYO: Speaking of supervised activities, how would you evaluate the University's efforts to meet the social needs of the student body after the fraternities were made non-residential? One concern which was frequently voice when the trustees were making the decision was that social life at Denison would completely evaporate without the Row. Has SAC been able to meet the social expectations of the student body? Are there areas in need of improvement?

MTM: I think it is far better now than it ever was. Maybe students see it differently. I'm not very sure. My sense was that when Greek system was operating, when the fraternities were operating—providing parties, with unlimited alcohol to anyone who was invited—any social alternative that was tried failed. Even the students

who were not invited to the fraternity parties didn't want to go to anything else. They were just gnashing their teeth because they didn't get invited. They were not willing nor able to create something else. Nothing else was going to match the aura of these parties. That's what I think was so destructive, so it didn't matter what we tried, what SAC tried, it didn't matter how much money we gave them to do things. What they did had nobody show up. Social alternatives were non-existent.

Once we took away the parties at the Row, then there was no other alternative but to have things on campus or else to do things off campus. Now the fraternities have tried to do things off campus, but things off campus cost a lot of money. You have to get buses because everyone is worried—which they should be—about driving, so it's far more costly than doing them in a house. As a result there are fewer of those things. So really the campus social life is all there is. We've put in money, added a staff, and have empowered students to do whatever they wanted to do and to fix up the existing social venues so it would work. We are still fixing up the Roost, that's not the best venue yet. There will be action there over time. The Bandersnatch took off. The Bandersnatch was renovated when I first came because I wanted it to be a nice coffee house for people to use it as they are using it now. If you had ten people there, that was it. Now every night there is a nice group of people pretty much—from what I hear—and nice things happen there, fun stuff. And there's no alcohol there. And it works really well. We need to find something to



do with the Roost, so that we can have another place that is a little bigger.

I think that on a whole the social alternatives have mushroomed and provide a lot for the people who want them. My belief is that the future is smaller groups doing things in private. That's why I like the fact that we are building these apartments with nice social spaces in each room, so that people can have a party and invite twenty or thirty people like normal adults do. When I invite friends to my home, I don't invite two-hundred; I invite twenty people. We have a good time. We talk. We might drink. We might do whatever we do, listen to music we enjoy. But it isn't as a big a deal. I think that's the way people enjoy being together. When you are very young maybe having three-hundred people going to listen to a band is great, and I think we should have those, but they shouldn't be the exclusive way to have fun. If we have larger, private rooms in the dorms where people can get their friends together in addition to structured activities from SAC, then you have a variety and a mix. More organizations that bring people together. That's the way to have fun, I think, in smaller, more private situations.

MoYO: Alumni support was predicted to drop after the decision was adopted. Statistics indicate that such a drop has not occurred. How would you say the overall alumni response has been? Has it improved over the past three years?

MTM: First of all, affiliated alumni are far more numerous than non-affiliated alumni. For a very long time, 95% of the students were Greek. At least until twenty years ago that was the case. When you look at twenty-three thousand alumni, easily two-thirds of them are Greek people, so we have more of them to begin with. What happened at the time of the decision is that a good number of them who were affiliated and who were very negative about the decision decided not to give. What we saw was the percentage of givers went down. It did not effect the dollar amount very much, because those who decided not to give tended to be the younger people who otherwise didn't give the bigger amounts because they were not in the position to do so. We lost a lot of these younger people, graduates from the 80s and late 70s; these people tended to be the most angry about the decision. They also didn't give huge dollars. We didn't lose any big gift. Dollar wise it made very little impact; percentage wise, percentage of givers, we took a dip the first two years.

We worked very hard all along to recapture all these people because even though they don't give big dollars at some point they might when they get older and we don't want to lose them forever. So we have worked very hard in the development office—I have worked hard—to go out into the country and to talk to people, to explain the decision. I knew we wouldn't be

able to convince those people who were absolutely rabid, angry. They can't stand me. They won't listen to me. Just forget it. But the people who were in the middle, who were kind of negative but didn't understand why we did what we did, those are the people we have talked to a lot, and these people have come back. They are now giving again, so that the percentage of giving is up again. I think that in a year or so we will be back exactly where we were before. It's not because of the decision that people are giving—that's not true, for some it may be true—but overall we are simply regaining the confidence of those who were very disappointed when we made the decision. The proof of the pudding is showing them that since the decision the school has not gone down the tubes, which is what they were afraid of—they really were afraid—and we have shown them that we have a better pool of students applying. The scores are going up. Retention is going up. The students are not all that unhappy—any student body is unhappy about stuff all the time—but major unhappiness is not there. People are not leaving in droves. We are raising lots of money. We are receiving lots of foundation support. Our reputation is better. What's wrong with this picture? People are beginning to see that the University is rising, and it's helping to convince them that it wasn't such a bad decision after all.

MoYO: How did you react to the large amount of criticism from the alumni directed specifically at your presidency?

MTM: It was hard. It was really hard. You see these three big, red notebooks [*She points to the desk behind us*]. They are full of letters we received that year from alumni, and I would say that the vast majority of these letters are very negative and very personally negative. There is no way you could read all that mail and not be like, "Oh, my god, these people are hating me. They don't know me." It's not easy to take such criticism, but after awhile you become a little more immune. After I passed the first notebook, I would get nasty mail and figured, although it was addressed to me, it would be addressed to whomever was in this seat. I had to disengage and say, "It is not about Michelle Myers. It is about Michelle Myers who is president at this time, but it is not about me personally." That's the only way to survive it because it's a lot. I had a lot of support from the board, from the faculty, from a lot of students here, and I had a lot of support from the alums, so it wasn't like I was out there floating in the wind by myself either.

The board took a lot of criticism as well. You develop thicker skin after awhile. It was one year. It lasted one year. The year we were making the decision was the worst, and the year after was pretty lousy. But the year after that it disappeared. I got no mail. I haven't gotten a nasty letter in two years. Nothing. When I go on the road it is positive, very positive. The first year

after the decision—the fall that followed the decision when I went on the road a lot to talk to the alumni—there were people who were really rude and difficult and nasty. But you keep patient and smile a lot and try not take it too personally. Pretty soon you can do it. After one year, it all died down.

MoYO: As we all know, you're leaving at the end of this semester. What do you hope your administration will be remembered for? What do you rate as your most significant accomplishments at Denison? Any regrets? Anything left undone?

MTM: I don't have regrets. I feel very good about the last ten years. I think my sense of accomplishment comes from believing that I'm leaving the place in better shape than I found it—more focused and with a sense of being really focused on improving the academic program and the academic quality of the institution, that is really what I've worked on all along. Everything I've done, at least in my view, has been to build little pieces that all came to that central focus that we had to improve academic quality and academic reputation. The decision about the Greek system was related to that. The decision on offering scholarships to talented students was related to that. The decision to become smaller initially, so we could at least not get worse was related to at least having a floor under which we were not going to drop—I thought the floor was already pretty low, and I did not want to drop farther—and then little by little moving that floor up as much as we could. I think we've done that, although we're not as high as I would like but we are a long ways from where we were. I think financially we have done exceedingly well in raising money and investing money, so I would say that what I feel very good about is that the financial stability and growth has allowed us to invest in academic quality. That is what I feel best about.

My regret, if I have any, is that the students have had conflicting views about me all along, and that has always been distressing to me because I really like students and care about students a lot. I do this business because I care about people getting the best possible education, and I like students very much. I think I haven't been visible enough to students, so they don't know me very well. That I think is too bad. If I were to stay ten more years, I would put more emphasis on being more visible to students. I think I could be now because the place is running pretty well. I wouldn't have to be so splintered doing a lot at once.

Interviewer Paul Durica is a poster boy for bad behavior.



Lenane on the Social Scene

Interview By Dan Fisher

One of the major concerns expressed by the student body when the fraternities were made non-residential in 1995 was that

social life at Denison would wither like a peach in the Georgia sun. To address this concern the University began to promote the Student Activities Committee and the Student Activities Office as the providers of social venues which would be open to all students—Greeks and independents alike. To gauge the degree to which these official bodies have met the social needs of the student body, *MoYO* dispatched its freshest staffer into the field. In true technology-age fashion, our fearless reporter questioned Ed Lenane, Coordinator for Leadership and Student Organizations, via e-mail.

MoYO: In your estimation, has SAC done a good job of serving the student body's social needs? What have your responses from the students been?

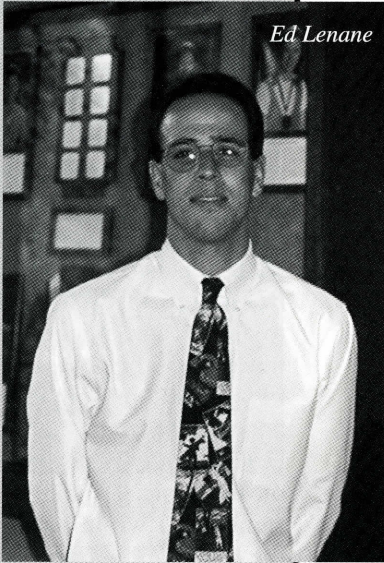
Lenane: Do you mean SAC—the student organization or SAO—Student Activities Office that I work in? In both cases—YES—both SAC and SAO have done a good job in serving the student needs during the transition period since the 1995 decision. Of course—it has been difficult at times to get student input about what they would like to see on campus and that is part (only a part) of the problem with some low attendance figures at events. The students that I have spoken with are usually the ones that do come to SAC and SAO and voice their opinion about what they would like to see happen on campus and play an active role in seeing that those things do happen.

MoYO: To what extent, do you think, do Greeks control social life at Denison?

Lenane: This is hard question to answer—mainly because I don't like the word control. The Greek organizations do play a role in the social life on campus—and I would say a smaller today than before the decision in 1995 was made. I feel that activities offered on campus by Greeks, student organizations, SAO, Res. Life, faculty, etc., are more diverse than ever before and that there is more competition for time and locations to sponsor events.

MoYO: Do you think that control has lessened since the big '95 fraternity residence decision?

Lenane: As I mentioned above—yes, the "control" has lessened based on the fact that more organizations are sponsoring and co-sponsoring events on campus—the diversity of programming is amazing! Furthermore, it seems that some of the "loss of control," if that is how you want to look at it, comes from the fact that "socially" Greek organizations do not sponsor much on campus anymore—most of the events they host are off-campus.



Ed Lenane

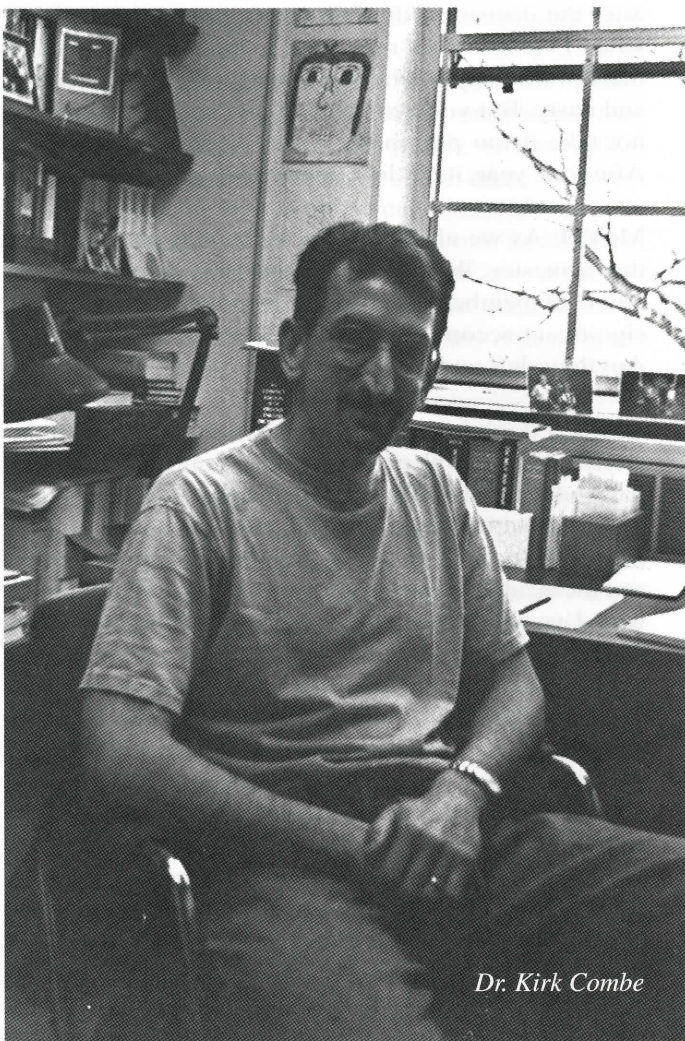
Intellectual Bio-Diversity

A faculty perspective on the Greek residential issue

By Kirk Combe

Several years ago, like many people on campus, I found myself quite involved in the controversial decision about whether or not to make fraternities non-residential. At the time I was a faculty advisor to a fraternity, a member of a key administration committee on Greek life, as well as someone who was asked to write and present to a committee of trustees a report about some of the current issues surrounding the fraternities. In all of these roles I openly expressed my views on the topic. I spoke out in various meetings and assemblies. I wrote more than one letter to the editor in the *Denisonian*. For a variety of reasons, I was firmly in favor of fraternities being made non-residential. Obviously, some people like what I had to say and, obviously, some people didn't. Some of the more secret-society oriented among those people who disagreed with my position have even found it noble to direct a bit of petty reprisal, in the form of vandalism, against me and my family at home. So be it. What I've always found remarkable, however, about those turbulent days (by Denison standards) is what was rarely discussed seriously by people on either side of the fraternity issue. Namely, how would such a move effect the intellectual life of the college?

I had occasion to exchange views with practically every type of person who had a dog in that fight. You name it, and I heard all the arguments, pro and con. I especially heard from fraternity supporters the many predictions of gloom and doom if these organizations were to be made non-residential. You know, young people would stop enrolling at Denison; alumnae and (in particular) alumni would stop contributing money to the school; the social life on campus would dry up and blow away. Yada, yada, yada. What few people—but especially nobody on the side of preserving residential fraternities—seemed even to be thinking about was, well, why we say we're all here at Denison in the first place: the brain stuff. Learning. Education. Academics. Somehow many people had separated social from intellectual life entirely—something that shouldn't, not to mention can't, be done. Put simply, in my view the major benefit the decision to make fraternities non-residential had brought to our school is one of reuniting the social and the academic by the process of increas-



Dr. Kirk Combe

ingly diversifying the kinds of students who now enroll to study at Denison. Like any healthy ecosystem, Denison is benefiting from an enhanced degree of what might be called intellectual bio-diversity. That is, more students from more walks of life and with more divergent takes on the world now walk our campus than before the big fraternity decision was made. To be sure, as a campus we are nowhere near diverse enough yet. To be sure, J. Crew, turbo Saab, Camp Denidoo ethos of the old fraternity-dominated social scene still exists on campus; perhaps it still tends to define much about student life if only to give many people something to reject. However, I would argue that such an ethos is not nearly as strong as it once was at Denison. And nowhere is this change more apparent to me than in the classroom—the very heart of the college experience whether we want to admit it or not.

In my seven years at this school, the past three have brought about a dramatic and overwhelmingly positive surge of cerebral wattage to our collective educational pursuits. For one thing, students are no longer closet intellectuals. I remember in the before-time many students who hid the fact from their friends that they like to read, to write, to think, to come to class to deal

with ideas. It just wasn't Camp Denidoo cool. In fact, every year I knew three or four academically talented first-year students, usually women, who would transfer because of this anti-intellectualism. Less and less now, Denison students strike me as being academically ashamed. Just the opposite, in fact. Secondly, as a teacher, I no longer find myself constantly playing the role of devil's advocate in class, that is, voicing and arguing in favor of all those wild and wacky ideas that Denison students traditionally seem to loathe to hear or to consider. You know, ideas such as the American Dream just might be a crock or the notion that "everything happens for a reason" might be mere happy noise. There's plenty of students at Denison now who, via personal experience, see through many of the myths of American middle class (and higher) suburban life. Increasingly, students debate these hard issues with *each other* in class—and I hope outside of it as well. That's the way it ought to be in any viable marketplace of ideas. Choice. Abundance. Variety. Vigorous debate. That's what a university *does*. At Denison, we're doing it better now. Finally, without a doubt, the quality of student I find sitting in my classes now is higher than that of the students four or five years ago. In general, they're better prepared, more engaged, more intellectually alive, more eager for intellectual challenge. To be perfectly honest, if such a change had not taken place in our student body, I don't know if I would still be teaching at Denison today. I'm sure I would have looked for another teaching job at a more socially varied school. Over the past three years, Denison has become an exciting place to teach. My hope is that it will just keep getting better. There is still a lot of work to do in this arena.

I contend that we've all benefited from the structural change to the fraternity system. We've all benefited for the simple reason that Denison is a better academic college now than it was before. We are markedly more various. That development has brought its own turmoil, but it is a realistic and a necessary turbulence we wrestle with now. There are no pat answers in an open society. To walk out on another limb, I would contend as well that among the people who have benefited most from the change are fraternity men. They've been mainstreamed. They've been made part of the real social fabric of Denison. Of course, losing special privileges and status—unfair and undemocratic advantages—will piss anybody off at first. But, on the other hand, it can be quite an educational experience. Real learning makes difficulties. For fraternities to exist now as simply one more voice among many is the best intellectual thing that could have happened to them.

Kirk Combe is an Associate Professor of English.



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Playing the GPA Game: How Greeks and Indies Compare

	NO.	Cumulative Averages for 1996-1997
Affiliated Women	536	3.046
Affiliated Men	414	2.873
Affiliated Students	950	2.97
Independent Women	491	3.148
Independent Men	563	2.866
Independent Students	1054	2.998
All Denison	2004	2.985

	NO.	Cumulative Averages for First Semester 1996-1997
Affiliated Women	409	3.049
Affiliated Men	270	2.845
Affiliated Students	679	2.964
Independent Women	610	3.083
Independent Men	693	2.867
Independent Students	1303	2.968
All Denison	1982	2.967

	NO.	Cumulative Averages for Second Semester 1996-1997
Affiliated Women	529	3.029
Affiliated Men	404	2.84
Affiliated Students	933	2.948
Independent Women	458	3.198
Independent Men	528	2.886
Independent Students	986	3.03
All Denison	1919	2.991

Elephants on the Floor Above and Brats in the Basement

Life on the North Quad



Adam Williams

By Adam Williams

Everyone on the North Quad has them. They dwell in the basement. It's more pressing than the lady bug invasion and worse than the failing integrities of the buildings. The Orkan man isn't qualified to handle the situation nor the Granville gun toting bumpkins. No not even our very own Denison University Keystone cops would be permitted to bungle these affairs. At night they creep out from the cracks in the wall. The Row becomes fumigated with their pungent, fermented excretions. The paper-mache dividers slightly muffle their ceremonial chant: "Drink mother fucker!, Drink mother fucker!, Drink mother fucker!, Drink!" The howls of triumph reach the moon when the task has been accomplished. North Quad is the unfortunate victim of

a Frat Brat infestation. Now for me to audaciously stereotype the entire male Greek system under the aforementioned terms would be an act of suicide to my definition. Frat Brats are those small factions outside the gentlemanly conduct of a respectable Fraternity. These wanna-be Frats resort to coercion and territorial ape urges. The Frat Brats use the independents above their lowly rented room as an outlet for pent up resentments. Students in the study lounge interrupt the proceedings underground with excessive noise, so they say. Large objects disappear out of spite. Where the animosity between the up stairs and the down stairs originated would conjure more fingers to point.

Historically, three years ago. The fraternities lost their homes. The decision was made by the Board of Trustees. The Denison collegians responded as a collective intelligence or, in more

traditional terms, with random acts of violence. The Trustees detailed the terms by which the Committee transported Denison's resident Greeks beyond its boundaries. The Denisonian procured the honor of reasonable discussion of The Decision and properly placed it towards the rear of the April 24, 1995, Vol. 138, No. 20 publication. The Resolutions of Ye Grande Olde Councile were presented in print. The Trustees further appealed to the populace by addressing the student body about the implications of their declaration and holding an open forum for students to express concerns. In other words, get the complaint out of your corpse now: what is done, is done. Denison classmates no doubt valued the dialogue opportunity. A bonfire illuminated the tear drop and billiards balls cracked Michele Myers's windows. But that's over, and all is forgiven for the most part. So the question hidden within the abyssal nothingness of the remaining malcontent—affectionately dubbed Frat Brats—is what exactly did transpire in the minds of Ye Olde Committee?

I asked Angie Sheets, Director of North Quad affairs, to shed some light on the ambiguous Row Affair. My inquiries engaged facts, technical legal stuff and the Trustees deliberation of a non-residential Greek structure.

As far as the eye can see and the distance a lone foot can carry a person in 10 minutes, the land upon which we stand is owned by Denison. The colony of edifices upon Denison's Northern reaches represent a different matter. Each house has its own characteristics. Some submitted to the financial might of Denison and are subsequently owned by Deni-doo; others

still stand defiantly above domination. Sigma Chi remains the sole Fraternity to possess a home on campus. The others either lease the infamous lodge beneath the Row dorms or Denison provides the area for fraternity chapter stuff. Notice, Denison and the men's Greek Chapters have negotiated the pink slips to each house over the last few years and compromises still survive for further diplomatic banter. Except for SIG, the rest of the fraternities are confined to specified underground areas of their former abodes.

Once Denison obtained the rights to some buildings on the Row immediate renovations commenced. After the Trustee decision in April, Denison University experienced one of it's biggest, "housing crunches." The incoming class exceeded the number of rooms. Curtis Hall started the adventure which is food services. Beta and Morrow were the first to be re-configured to accommodate students and the easiest to renovate. Minimal structural changes occurred on either residence hall. For example each room was equipped with two dents in the walls to pose as closet space. The bulk of the shared cost between the Chapters and Denison refurbished the dorms, beds, chairs desks, etc. Some housing required years of preparation. Denison gutted Taylor to produce the lovely, climate controlled living quarters we sweat at with envy today.

"Denison understood the Chapters' needs for private space...for Rush [and Denison] would either help subsidize cost for new lodges and/or lodge space," said Sheets. Thus, the depths of North Quad halls were utilized.

Now the reasons behind the marked event of April 1995. Sheets said, "More or less the decision was probably coming for a decade." The Trustees reviewed several issues before pronouncing the sentence. The gender-bender slowly oozed its way to the surface. The sorority organizations lacked residency and casting the fraternities into no man's land balanced the power between the two

Greek sexes. Non-campus Fraternities could not monopolize the social scene with the pull of an unsanctioned party palace. Security became a factor, as well, and the Denison controlled houses could better fall under the University's protection. Denison could be accountable for any mischief within the college's sacred borders and, thus, lowered the risk of unruly conduct with the repo of Fraternity Row. The Board of Trustees truly believed that the declaration to remove fraternities from the Denison scene would warrant a better environment and a better scholastic institution. At least the Trustees believed in the good kind of intentions. Whether or not those intentions were achieved could only be determined by mass meat surveys and statistics.

For the most part Fraternities have continued on with standard operations: community services, Rush, Pledges, co-sponsored events, etc. But the sects of Frat Brats nevertheless persist to harass the innocent, as if *their* houses represented the core bond of the chapter. I have two words: penis envy.

Adam Williams is an angry, young man whose fashion sense is pure Johnny Cash.



New Kid on the Block

Sigma Phi Epsilon's president speaks

In order to gain a clear understanding of what Sigma Phi Epsilon is about, it is probably beneficial to take an extensive look at the background of the individuals within the fraternity. Our house consists of a group of well-rounded individuals. What I mean by this is that they are men, most of whom are on varsity sports; they take academics and community/

campus involvement seriously. In addition, each member understands the various opportunities that are available when joining a fraternity, including the social aspects. I guess what I am saying is that there is really one major factor that makes us different from other fraternities nationwide, and that is hazing. Our house has abandoned the pledge model and instead have adopted what we call the balanced man project. In essence, we feel that the balanced man project reduces the spread of apathy that some pledge-modeled fraternities experience upon initiation. Thus, rather than completing some requirements at the beginning and then coasting for three years, we ask our new members to begin a life-long series of contributions to the house, especially for all three or four years of membership here on campus. What this translates into is that we don't haze.

Keeping this major difference in mind, it has been a difficult road starting out here at Denison. Many people on campus see us in a different light, both positively and negatively. This has sometimes caused some friction between us and other 'traditional' fraternities. This is something that all 61 members of our house do not want. We just want to do our thing — what we think is right, and hopefully others will follow. We enjoy hearing about our successes, because honestly we have been very successful (both within our fraternity nationwide and here on campus), but we don't like to receive them at the expense of other organizations here at Denison. We just try to uphold what Sigma Phi Epsilon stands for — virtue, diligence, and brotherly love. Overall, we are very pleased with the way things have started, and we strongly hope that our momentum continues in this direction.

Jon Pfleeger



Do you feel the Decision benefited the campus?

"I don't know whether the decision to make the fraternities non-residential has been beneficial because I wasn't here when they were residential—I have nothing to compare it to. As for what the Greek system offers the community...social options (yes, even for non-Greeks) and a bit of community service."

Lyndsay Greer '99

"No, the decision simply made parties move off campus, which could lead to drinking and driving or into dorm rooms which disturb the residential environment. I don't know how much they offer besides reinforcing cliques and stratification of our society."

Jack Inman '99

"I think the decision was very beneficial for the campus—the campus is much more integrated. It is a much fairer system in comparison to the sorority system."

Jen Brickner '98

"No. If they were in their houses, I wouldn't have to deal with them in the dorms."

Emily Williamson '99

"By taking away its role as the dominant social scene on campus, Denison's fraternity system has to decide how it will face its identity crisis. I think any opportunity to reflect on what an organization stands for should be seen as beneficial, not something to cry and moan about."

Ben Sutherly '98

"No. Before, there was a distinction between Greek and Non-Greek. Now, there's not."

Sara Jones '99

Administration: harshly vindictive or sternly supportive.

"Trying to mediate the interests of Greeks and non-Greeks...trying to keep the students happy, but out of too much trouble. Trying to deal with a strong, yet in some ways (admittedly flawed system) that is very important to many people, including students and alumni."

Lyndsay Greer '99

"I think they were falsely disillusioned that students would do better in the classroom if they weren't in the frat houses. I hear this has taken away from the male bonding that occurs between brothers in the houses, being together 24-7, and that the GPAs have not changed at all."

Laura Griffin '00

"Administration: careless crusaders against tradition and friendship provided by Greek life."

Mark Stevens '99

"The administration is definitely not supportive of the Greek system, but I also wouldn't say that they are harshly vindictive. They definitely want to change many aspects of the Greek system."

Mary Beth Curren '00

"Harshly vindictive."

Jack Inman '99

"Sternly supportive. The administration helps them deal with state and national laws—to stay within guidelines."

Jen Brickner '98

What type of access should the fraternities have to their old houses?

"They should install lawn jockeys, so they can pee on their own grass."

Kari Hernquist '99

"It's only practical for them to be limited — people live in there. Maybe to their chapter rooms. I think they deserve something on campus."

Erica Schmidt '00

"Throw them in there and lock them up."

Emily Williamson '99

"If a fraternity house is still owned by the fraternity, they should have more access than they do. Personally, I don't see why there is no drinking allowed in rooms that are owned by or rented to a group. We basically rent our dorm rooms, and we can drink there. What's the difference?"

Mark Stevens '99

"Only to their areas of the house. In an ideal world, dorms would be separate from frat activity because the residents and frat members often have differences."

Jen Brickner '98

"I don't know. I guess not any because I think a lot of resentment exists between fraternities and current residents of the houses. Maybe it would be better to make a clean break from the houses."

Jennifer Schenk '98

"Authorized."

Ben Sutherly '98

the void

(FILLED.)

Any favorite "riot" or Row memories?

"Yeah. But I won't tell you."

Magnus Isaksson '98

"I remember they couldn't riot worth a damn. I mean, five of my friends could riot better than that. All they did was set a couch on fire and break some windows. That's not a riot. Although it was funny to see Wyatt Holliday's middle finger in the picture in the paper the next day."

Darin McGinnis '98

"It was around 4:30 in the afternoon, and a bunch of LCA's brought a couch out onto the teardrop, and started playing Nerf football. And to score, you had to dive into the couch. But then security came and made us all go away."

Wyatt Holliday '98

Does being affiliated have anything to do with academic performance?

"With my academic performance? Definitely no. I would have gotten a C in research methods if I was a Tri-Delt or not. My letters don't help or take away from my ability to do statistics."

Laura Griffin '00

"Probably not. One can go to parties or not go whether they are affiliated or not. I have two roommates, one's a frat boy with a 3.91 and the other's an independent who might not graduate this year."

Jack Inman '99

"Does being affiliated have to do with any kind of performance?"

Ben Sutherly '98

SAC: your venue for Friday night fun or unknown acronym.

"I really don't even know what that means."

Kari Hernquist '99

"I've never done anything SAC. I know what it stands for, but I don't participate."

Emily Williamson '99

"What's it...Student Association...I don't know what the hell..."

Magnus Isaksson '98

"I appreciate the things that they plan, and I go to some of them, but I often have other plans."

Erica Schmidt '00

"I know this stands for Student Activities Committee, but I can safely say that I will never attend one of their activities while I am a student here."

Laura Griffin '00

"SAC = Shitty Administrators Correction of past mistake."

Mark Stevens '99

"Unknown acronym—I'm not sure what can be done to make SAC more socially acceptable, but unfortunately there aren't free kegs at SAC functions."

Jack Inman '99

"I think SAC does a lot of great activities, but as a senior I have no social life—only books, exams, and research."

Jen Brickner '98

"It sucks because only 10 or so people go. How can you have a stupid dance with 10 people? Or do anything else?"

Nate Paine '00

Acupuncture

(Continued from page 11)

stimulation of the auricle of the external ear is utilized to alleviate health conditions in other parts of the body.

Dr. Smith referred to the human ear as one of several holograms on the human body. He used the example of a snowflake to illustrate the concept. A snowflake, he said, has six sides that appear to the human eye. The ice crystals that make up the snowflake have a similar shape; they have six sides as well. A snowflake is hexagonal at both its ultimate level and at its the molecular level. The ice crystals are "holograms" of the snowflake as a whole. In a similar fashion, the ear is a hologram of the entire human body. There are points on the external ear that represent every other part of the body. Holograms are essentially anatomical microcosms.

The nurses showed me a diagram to illustrate the auricular hologram. On it was a human ear with the drawing of a little man, bent over backwards and crammed inside it. He looked like an inverted fetus with oversized hands. Each of the parts of his body corresponded with the point on the ear where that part of the body is represented.

Dr. Smith directed me to the little man's shoulder. The shoulder point on the ear came at about half way down the outer lobe. Dr. Smith picked up the skin resistor and be-

gan running it along Mark's ear. Sure enough, just as he passed the middle of the outer lobe, the instrument began to whine, indicating pain. The prominent pressure point on Mark's ear corresponded exactly with the shoulder point on the ear hologram. I was impressed.

Using tweezers and a small adhesive patch, Dr. Smith placed a seed over the shoulder point on Mark's ear. He placed three additional seeds on different parts of the lobe as well. Mark was instructed to press these seeds four times a day to reinstate the effects of the acupuncture treatment, namely the release of endorphins.

After the seeds were in place, Mark and I prepared to leave. Then a nurse inquired as to whether I would like to try having a couple needles inserted into my hands. Judging by Mark's current euphoric state, I eagerly obliged. Dr. Smith took my hands and pressed down and forward with his thumb on the skin between my thumb and my index finger.

"Are you ready?" he asked. He unwrapped a new needle and pushed it in just below the surface of my skin. I felt the entry for a moment; it was slightly less stated then the injection of a syringe. I was invited to twist the needle and engage my *qi*. I turned the needle several times, not feeling any resistance, until I noticed that the needle itself was twisting, and that the end in my skin was firmly grounded. My hands went

moyo

mind of your own

Mind of Your Own would like to thank Janet Schultz, Don Schilling, Ed Lenane, Larry Murdock, Karen Sibley and the Denisonian for their assistance.

light for a second, and I couldn't grasp my pen or notebook any longer. Mark carried them for me as we walked out to the car.

Mark started the car and pulled out of the parking lot. Writing with needles still in my hand was difficult, but I had to write down what Mark was saying. I asked him how he felt.

He gave a prolonged sigh of exasperation. "I feel wonderfully relaxed. It's delectable. Last time I just felt drowsy and tired. Now, I just want to relax, soak it in. I just don't usually ever feel like this. Wow."

After a bit, he said, "It's like one big orgasm. Everything in my body is so relaxed. Not a bit of tension whatsoever. It started after the first time the nurse came in to increase the electricity. Five to ten minutes after the treatment started I became fully aware."

"It's very euphoric. Not in the sense that I want to jump up and scream. More like, 'Yeah. This is something else.'"

We drove the rest of the way back to Denison in what was, for the most part, complete silence. The whole time, all I was thinking was, "Thank God people can't do this kind of stuff at home."

We'd never leave the house.

Robert Levine types with nails in his hands. He never leaves his dorm room.

Grease

(Continued from page 7)

fresh Italian bread, any kind of meat (sausage, pastrami, steak—my favorite is the Genoa salami), cheese, French fries and a non-mayonnaise-ish cole slaw, all on the sandwich. You don't even have to be a meat lover to enjoy the tantalizing taste of a Primanti sandwich. My vegetarian friend from Columbus partook of her sandwich minus the meat, cheese or fries. She claimed it to be the best sandwich she had ever eaten. My father and every other Pittsburgher in the place stared at her in disbelief, thinking *what sacrilege*. But you see, one does not need to be a carnivore (or a grease-loving fool) to enjoy diners or their food. Of course, it certainly helps.

My own individual experiences with diners (without any relatives) began about two or three years ago. For one reason or another, it had never occurred to me to ask any of my fellow comrades along to a diner. They all knew that I went occasionally with the fam, but none of them seemed interested in tagging along. That all changed one fateful evening in a suburb three point five hours away. We were all riding in Dave's car one evening when one of my friends looked out the window and said, "Hey there's the Del-Kid. My Pap goes there for breakfast every week. You can get a three egg omelet and a six egg omelet for the same price. He's such a big guy that they finally stopped asking him and just bring him the six egg omelet." That excited our taste buds so much that they made an imprint on our brains to one day return to the Del-Kid, only this time it would be for dinner.

My friends and I decided that our first experience with the Del-Kid would be during midterms. We planned to finish off exam week by dressing up and going to a dive. We still affectionately refer to the Del-Kid as a dive, but when anyone else does, in that snooty, socially preten-



Village
Flower Basket
is open in it s
NEW LOCATION
1090 River Road
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(Gray house next to storage units)

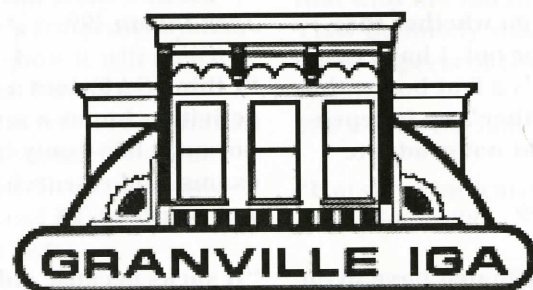
tious way, my friend Dave and I put whomever it is in her/his place. We do this by stuffing them in the trunk of his car and bringing her/him to the Del-Kid and force feeding the person a meat lover's omelet. I wish. As of now, we've only fantasized about doing that.

So we went all out in our Mafia/gangster garb and drove to the Del-Kid for dinner one night around five or six. As we pulled into the gravel driveway we saw a 1979, puke green, Ford LTD with a bumper sticker that said "if the van is a rockin', don't come a knockin'" with the van part crossed out. Once inside, our Mafia garb overpowered the five people in the restaurant. It's usually more crowded at about three in the morning, when all of our former high school teachers are there sobering up. Perhaps it was pretentious on our part to barge into a strange diner and disrupt its existing culture, but there was something about that diner, who knows what it was, that decided us in its favor. We wanted to take it over. Surprisingly enough, most of our meals at the

diner have involved some type of conversation concerning world domination.

What absolutely convinced us to return to the place was the evening's staff—Holly, the waitress and The Fat Bitch, the cook. I do not use the term lightly, but you see, she yelled at Holly, our ninety pound waitress for not skipping spaces between the orders on her order form. Ours was the only order form that she had to read. Plus, she smoked on our food while she cooked it, and we suspect, though we're still not sure, that she spit in it. Thus, Dave christened her with tabasco sauce (when she wasn't looking) The Fat Bitch. Whatever she did to the food, it was de-lectable. I ordered the chicken fingers (which were the diameter of a plate and several inches thick) and very tasty French fries. Dave braved the meatloaf and took it with a jar of tobasco sauce for show. Holly is currently Dave's favorite waitress.

What made the night most interesting were the voyeurs in the back room, by the video gambling



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machines with scantily clad women posed on the screens. The machines are no longer there because the Del-Kid is attempting to transform into a family place. I don't see it happening in the near future. Returning to the original subject, as my girlfriends got up to go to the rest room (they made the mistake of wearing short-ish, prostitute-like outfits) they passed the men in the dining room, who we were convinced owned the Ford outside, and were greeted with catcalls and loud whistling. They waved and grinned at us through the window in the dinging room as we drove away, immediately after my friends left the bathroom. The fellow who was missing one leg, The Fat Bitch affectionately referred to him as Stumpy, staggered up to approach one of my more squeamish friends, and that was the end of that: we were going to leave and we were going to do it then and there. I treasure that experience, because only at diners do I have the opportunity to be treated like a crude piece of meat by the over-forty, drunken variety of male. I think it boosts my ego, or alternately deflates it depending on the occasion.

Many people fail to recognize that diner-going is an extremely risky business, not to be taken lightly, especially at those twenty four hour places (like the Del-Kid and Primanti Brothers). It simply tempts us from our warm, little beds to the questionable part of town at two in the morning. This was the case after my senior semi-formal dance. My friends and I decided to go to the Del-Kid, in our *very* racy formal attire, and were consequently hit on by two bright, young gents who informed us of their recently acquired cocaine buzzes from across the dining room. They also informed my female friend and I (when Dave went to the bathroom) that they would like to get to know us better after we were done eating, in an extremely personal way. Hmmm. You can imagine how difficult it was for us to tear ourselves away that evening. *What could have possibly*

brought us there at that hour of the night?, any sane person might wonder. The answer is simple—Dave needed a Big Kid. For all of you who have not seen me wearing my Del Kid shirt (with an artist's rendition of a Big Kid on the back), the Big Kid is a half pound o'beef, ten strips of bacon and eight slices of cheese all on a sesame seed bun. As of yet, I have not taken the Big Kid challenge.

I have also had my fair share of late night sandwich cravings. Over Christmas break this past year, when I was old enough to have known better, I dragged Dave to Primanti Brothers (the downtown Pittsburgh location) at three in the morning, simply for a salami sandwich. Although Pittsburgh is not the most dangerous city in these United States, we were still taking a conscious risk. At least that was what my parents thought. They bring up a valid point—we could have been mugged walking to the car from the diner or to the diner from the car. We could have also been struck by lightning. The bottom line is this—I wanted that sandwich, and nothing was going to stop me.

Any true diner-lover, or craver of grease, takes a risk. Truck stop and diner-going is a real-life, real-world rite of passage, a type of bragging right. As opposed to saying, "guess what time I passed out last night" or "I drank so much they took me to the hospital so I could get my stomach pumped—it was cool," the diner goer becomes accustomed to hearing phrases like "some guy came into the truck stop with a tattoo of Texas on the back of his head."

I admit, however, that occasionally after eating diner or truck stop food, I wish that someone *would* pump my stomach. I was explaining this to a very classy dame (friend of my mother's) and she asked me why I kept going back to the Del-Kid. I responded that it was cheap (yet another added bonus, \$1.75 for two eggs, toast and home fries!) and that I enjoyed the company of a wide variety of people. She didn't under-

stand. Not many people do understand, but those of us who do have a special bond, a special story we can all share. Isn't that nice?

If you've never been to a diner or truck stop, I urge you to go, expand yourself, bring a friend, take lots of pictures. It is truly a Kodak moment, at the very least. One of my friends says, "I don't think I was alive before I started going to diners," and I must say this is true—I knew her before, and she was nothing. Diners are opportunities for us to experience the smell of stale grease and the feel of ripped seat cushions.

If anyone out there does know of some greasy spoons, within driving distance, keep me posted. I still haven't found my diner away from home.

Nina Clements always brings her own spoon to the dining hall, nice and greasy.



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Saving Christ from the Christians

Coffee Talk at the Bandersnatch

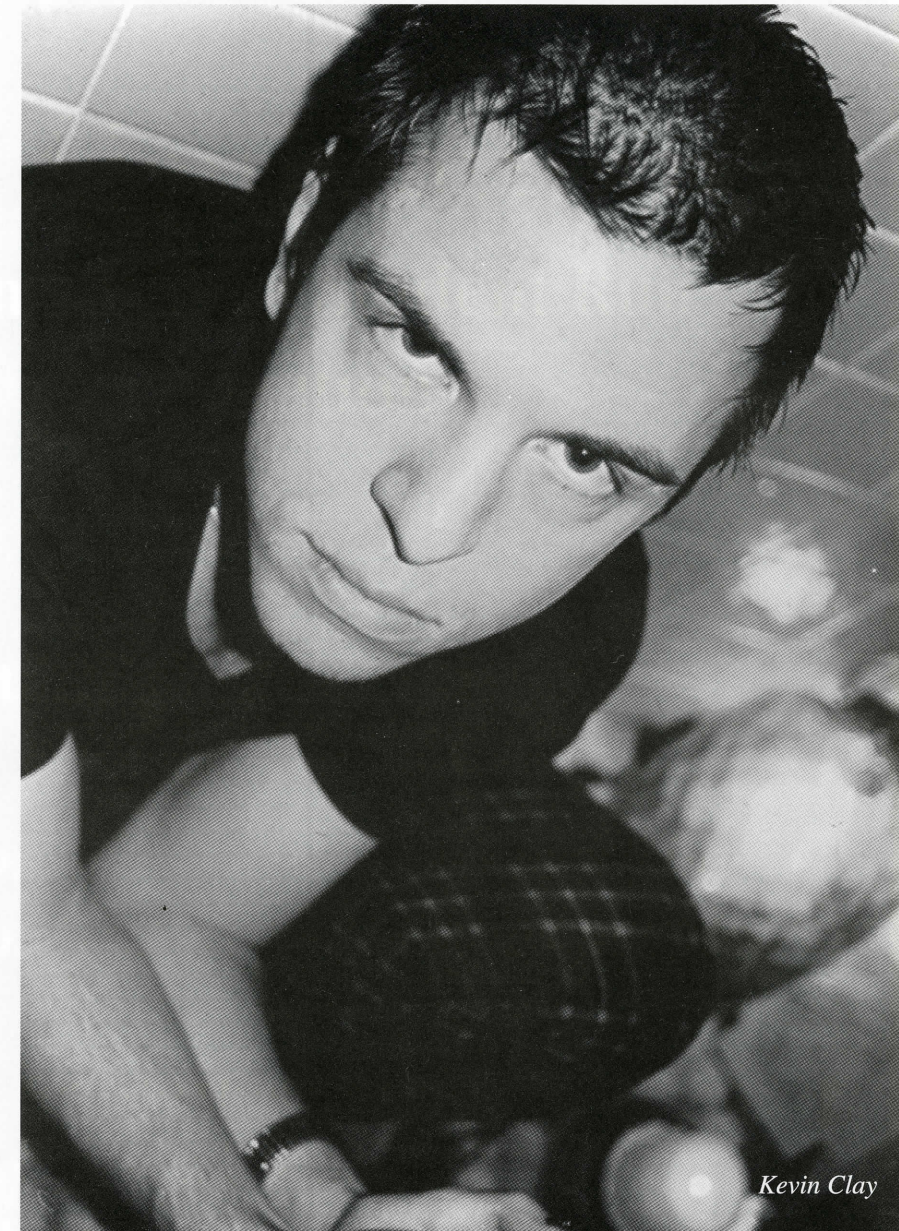
An Interview with Kevin Clay and Adam

By Kirsten Werne

Kevin Clay and the Plastic Bono Band, with an opening from the Columbus-based band Adam, rocked the Bandersnatch for the second time on February 27, 1998. Kevin Clay has toured all over the United States, including stops in Tennessee, Missouri, Georgia, Florida, Michigan, and Indiana in the the the past year alone. He has appeared at various festivals, such as Cornerstone and the G.A.S. fest, and in 'zines like 7ball, Night Times, fOReHEAD, Deep End, and Zinograffiti. Adam recently released a six song E.P. entitled "Irish Coffee" and have performed numerous times at their home The Black Lodge. This time around, *MoYO* was able to play a little Q&A with Mr. Clay and Mike and Tito from Adam after the concert.

MoYO: How did you get started in the music business?

KEVIN: Well, in 1991, I was doing solo acoustic shows in small clubs in St. Louis. The next year I started my band My Little Dog China. We practiced for a year and put out a five song E.P., which got us signed by Alarma Records and an album out in 1993. Two years later we were playing clubs in St. Louis every weekend. Later that year, MLDC broke up. So I started working with Mike Knott and got an album out called "Watch Me Fall." This past year, I've played over sixty shows, and I've now formed a band in Nashville. Mercury is interested in signing us, actually.



Kevin Clay

MIKE: I was tired of the idea of working a desk job the rest of my life and wanted to play music and write songs, so I started this band with Tito. We love (almost) every minute of it, and are scared to death of ending up like our parents: working forty-plus hours a week at some job we hate just so we can afford our middle class tastes. No thank you. I want more than that. I think we all do.

MoYO: What were your influences, both musically and non-musically?

KEVIN: I listened to a lot of U2, Pale Divine (a St. Louis band, whose guitarist now plays with Love Spit

Love), the Velvet Underground, Jane's Addiction, and the Pumpkins. Recently I've moved more toward the epic shock rock/Indie rock like David Bowie, the Sex Pistols, Ani DiFranco, and Superchunk. As far as non-musically goes, I would have to say mixing literature and the fine arts. For example, I have artwork up at my shows. Kind of like an Andy Warhol thing.

MoYO: What does music mean to you?

KEVIN: Pure religion. It has very little rules or restrictions. Art is its own thing. I mean, there are certain aspects that are established, like an

open mind and an open heart, a lot of work and persistence. But on the other hand, I write songs that I don't know what's going on in them, which makes them mystical and spiritual in a sense. I believe that art, any form, but music especially, speaks to everyone. Sometimes it's even like therapy.

TITO: Life.

MIKE: What kind of question is that?

MoYO: Sorry, Mike. What was your most memorable show?

KEVIN: I would have to say the fourth show MLDC put on in Kansas City. We had just played at a university, and it wasn't that successful. So we went into it with the attitude that we were going to have fun. We dressed up like a cross between transvestites and junkies. We were kicking in a new song, and when I looked up, everyone in the place was jumping. The show had sold out, and it was incredible.

MIKE: Probably this show we played at Dru's mom's house two years ago. There were over seventy people in his small basement. Our friends were crowd surfing, and the ceiling was so low, they were riding the crowd on their backs while putting their feet up on the ceiling and walking on it.

TITO: There were shoe prints on the ceiling that we found during the next day's cleanup.

MIKE: It was nuts. The cops shut that one down on our last song.

MoYO: What was the worst thing that happened to you at a show?

KEVIN: We had a new band open for us who had only practiced twice before the show. They absolutely rocked, and when we got out there and played, we ended up doing terrible. It was a little embarrassing.

MIKE: This show we played in Bloomington where there were seven people there including the other band. We got paid \$12.

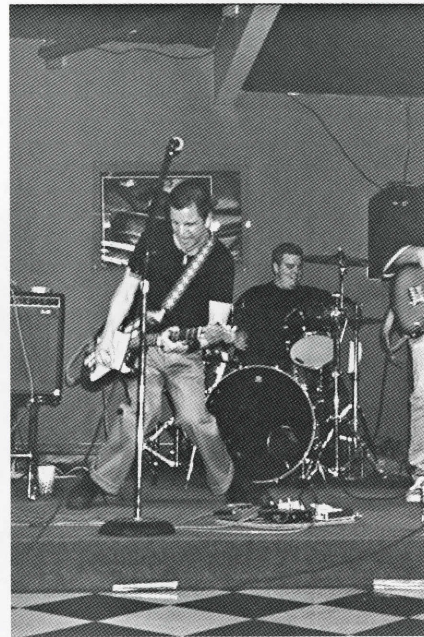
MoYO: What was it like to have that first album out in the stores with

your picture on it, your music, etc.?

KEVIN: It was a great feeling, a feeling that you exist as a real artist. It gave me a sense of completion, but I'm never satisfied. I always want to go farther. It also is a reassurance that money was well spent. It meant that I had lived out a fantasy and a dream.

MoYO: Do you have anything going besides your band?

KEVIN: Since "WMF," I've written about two-hundred and fifty



Kirsten Werne

songs. I've also managed other bands and produced quite a bit. I love to write, and I've written an actual mass that I call My Lonely Shrine. I've written a play, poetry, and done a lot of painting.

MIKE: Some of us have other bands, and I've been thinking about a band with Dan and having our girlfriends sing back-up.

MoYO: What do you do in your spare time?

KEVIN: I love to read, but unfortunately I don't have much time for that. I love to watch movies, and go to the Waffle House to drink coffee and smoke too many cigarettes. Conversation is a good thing, too.

MIKE/TITO: What spare time?

MoYO: What do you see yourself doing in ten years?

KEVIN: Still creating music, writing, doing artwork for galleries, and producing bands. I want to be married and have some girls with my wife, no boys. I want to be living out life in a Christian community, waking up, kissing my wife and daughters good-bye, and going to work. And making more money than I do now.

MIKE: Hopefully this, only with much better financial backing. That's all I really want to do with my life.

TITO: I prefer not to think that far ahead.

MoYO: Have you met anyone that has really stuck out in your mind?

KEVIN: My closest friends, the band Perch from St. Louis, the list goes on. I think its cool that these small bands are your heroes one minute, and you want to be them. The next minute they're working on your album, and the next minute you're playing better shows than they are.

MIKE: Oh yeah. Other musicians, like Dispute, Kevin Clay, Lucwarm, Fudgegun, MxPx, Stavesacre, Frodus, and a bunch of people we consider friends: the Rochester kids—Travis, Pastor Bob, Owen, Aaron; the Kansas City crew; the Wilmington kids—Russ, Al, Shannon, Sundry, Chris; and of course the Denison crew—Kirsten, Geeko, and all the ARA kids. Basically everyone who's been there to lend a hand or an encouraging word to a bunch of screw-ups from Cowtown.

For more info on Adam, e-mail them at mike@kidpowered.com, or visit their web page at <http://www.kidpowered.com>

For more info on Kevin, e-mail him at manage153@aol.com

Kirsten Werne is a groupie supreme.



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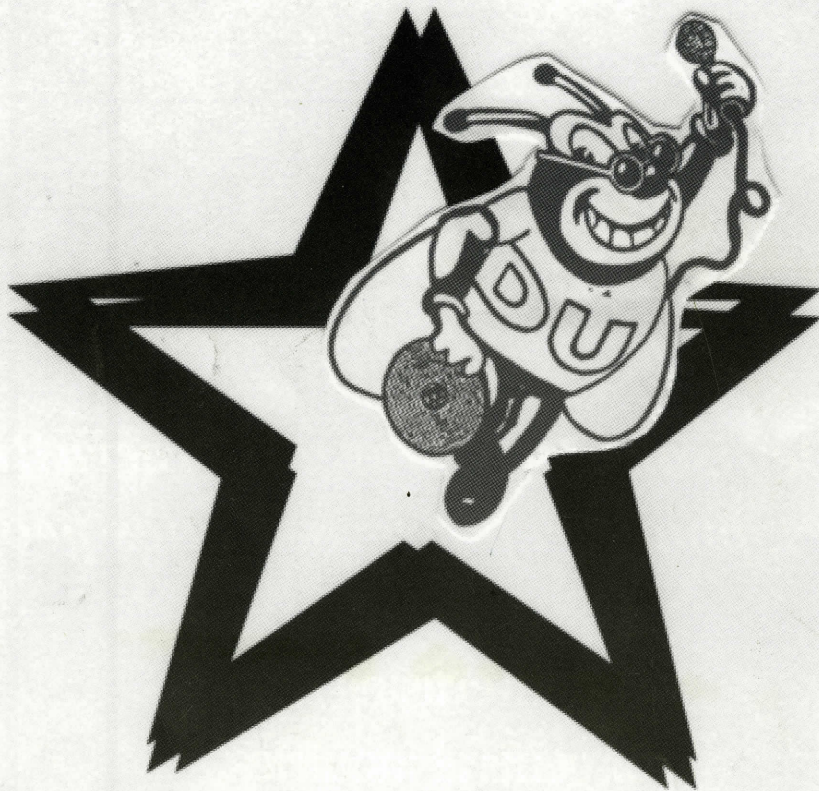
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